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Notes of the Week

WE welcome an eminently sane and practical pronouncement by the Rev. R. J. Campbell within the last week. It embodies the thoughts and aspirations which we, in our small parochial orbit have been trying to impress upon Christians, divided not by creed or by principle, but by over-prepossession for their own methods and presentments of Christian doctrine—namely, the necessity for co-operation and cordial sympathy. In connection with the situation in South-Eastern Europe the futility and collapse of the Christian gospel is hatefully apparent. A monstrous war, born of covetousness and chicanery, is in progress, when the Christian Powers of Europe—had they been more than nominally Christian—could have decreed peace on just terms, as any arbitral tribunal or court of law can decree it, if united and irresistible force is known to reside behind the decision. What compelling power is there behind the action of Christendom in the present day? Let the Rev. R. J. Campbell answer:—

No single cause of the comparative weakness of Christianity to-day in face of a new world with its new syntheses and new problems is more potent than the scandal of its schisms, sectarian antagonisms, jealousies, and uncharitableness.

In all of which we agree, and, in agreement with which, we have not lately hesitated to expose shameless hypocrisy in the so-called Holy War.

The story told by Lord Haldane of how he became War Minister has been treated as a rare joke. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is reported to have said to

Lord Haldane: "The War Office full?—No one will touch it with a pole." The joke, we submit, is a sorry one. The reason why the office went begging was because every aspirant for ministerial rank knew that our military system was a sham, and was intended to remain a sham, and that the necessities for the transformation of it into even a tolerable bulwark of national defence would not be conceded. Colonel Seely is the author of a phrase nearly as cunning as "Wait and see." His prescription to vivify the Territorial fiasco is "Universal Service by Consent." A very pretty conceit. But Colonel Seely knows better, and so do we. Under the best auspices, combined villages with a population of 7,000 were invited to show enough interest in Territorial recruitment to form a committee to whom young men desirous of hearing something of the obligations and privileges of service with the Territorials might apply for enlightenment "without prejudice." Not one local man offered to serve on the proposed committee, and not one young man expressed his willingness to join the force. Good people all, but needing compulsion. This experience leads us to think that Colonel Seeley is no great improvement on his predecessor, who lost his way in Whitehall whilst endeavouring to reach—the Wool-sack.

Through a tunnel beneath the House of Commons 30,000 cubic feet of fresh air are drawn per minute, and circulated for the benefit of legislators. Dr. Hill, writing to the *Times*, suggests that a quiet promenade in this tunnel would give the tired Minister "refreshment equal to a blow on Brighton pier," and adds that, if only a little salt spray were diffused by mechanical means, members might have the equivalent of a trip to the sea-side whenever they liked. Evidently science holds many unexpected charms in store for us yet. The era of the week-end and the fashionable watering-place is passing; before long we may have halls in our streets, dotted here and there, as is now the ubiquitous cinematograph-show, placarded with invitations to enter and inhale the breezes of Bognor, the winds of Whitby; to grow pleasantly moist in the sprays of Scarborough, the foam of Falmouth. We shall stand in front of rows of tubes which will puff at us different blends of ozone, and retire to private rooms where sunburn as desired will be administered to cheeks pale with summers on the pattern of 1912; doubtless the deeper tinge due to a holiday in tropical climes will be available for an extra half-crown. In fact, with a few imitation rocks, a shrimp or two, and a bundle of seaweed thrown in, we shall not need a holiday at all, and life will not be worth living.

The first number of "The Independent Theatre-Goer," edited by Messrs. J. T. Grein and Hermann Klein, has reached us. Its style, perhaps, is bright rather than literary—which is as it should be—and its articles are certainly up-to-date and interesting. We imagine that this little paper with the big name will meet with a better success if it takes a decided line of its own and does not try too hard, as indicated in the foreword, "to hold the scales between the critics and the criticised."

The Return

(To E. W.)

HOME, O most pale adventurer, are you bound
From that strange kingdom where no love may trace
The life it loves to its abiding place,
Or hail it from afar with cheerful sound.
From deeps whose marges mortal ne'er hath found
You steal, and we are awed before your face—
For you are weird with wonder, with the grace
Of death's most delicate lilies are you crowned.

After the ranging sunset of Farewell—

When life's loved country fades, and hope is lorn,
Is it not fair from that dim, tideless bourn
To drift back home to man's own star and dwell
Fondly with time, in tune with bud and bell,
With midnight's shimmer of stars and the sheen of
morn?

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

A National Reflection

ON the balance, there is much which is encouraging, and much which is almost heart-breaking in the national outlook at the present time. Trafalgar Day and the memorable Conference of 1912 on Sea Training exhibit the traditional tendency of the British disposition towards patriotism—in itself a religion.

In these days a religion in Christendom is—amongst large masses—much wanted. Scientists are informing us—with iteration which tends in some minds to conviction—that life is a chemical production; demagogues in Parliament are telling the negligible products of the modern laboratory that their only creed is greed. Why should one germ or microbe, or whatever you like to term it, be possessed of wealth? These teachers do not refer to all the power for good which wealth, honestly and with discretion distributed, diffuses in the world. It is their only aim in their Socialist, revolutionary literature to provoke civil commotion and national ruin, on the chance that they may personally derive profit, and with the comfortable assurance that their dupes will not survive their own synthetic existence, in order to put an end—possibly a painful end—to the combustible essence which has most noxiously brought their misleaders into a sort of being.

Such reflections are sickening. Those who foregathered at the National Conference on Sea Training this week were men—whatever men are made of—looking back to the days when chemical constituents were not accounted of much value, but when personal worth,

personal charm, personal striving after something which made life worth living, were of more importance than ammonium chloride, and were valued accordingly.

Are we proud—as at all events sentient beings—of the position in which we find ourselves to-day? After we ceased to be Pagans, we became Christians, and in that capacity felt it to be our duty to burn each other on points of ritual—and invariably to burn the Jew, when we had by violence or cajolery extracted the last *shekel* from him. So does one chemical make war upon another—as, we are told, in latter-day medical wisdom, one microbe engages in battle royal with another, and the grand microbe—Man—survives or dies as a result of the Lilliputian contest.

If this is all, why prolong the agony, why especially allow hecatombs to be slain and hecatombs to be worse than slain on a flimsy pretext in South-Eastern Europe? We all know it is a sham, and a ghastly, dishonourable, and shameful sham. Article XXIII of the Treaty of Berlin. . . . Really! And this poor temporary excuse is to plunge the world into incalculable suffering. Veritably, the laboratory did not provide conscience, humanity, or critical balance in the doubtful product which it evolved.

The essence, called Mr. James Douglas, will not probably be accused of anything but abhorrence of the views of THE ACADEMY, and yet what does he write?—

The attitude of Europe is that any religion is good enough for anybody. If the Crescent should triumph, well and good. If the Cross should triumph, good and well. . . . What is apparent now in Europe and in England to the most casual observer? It is the decline and decay of the Christian faith.

When King Ferdinand points to the Cross, Europe replies: "Take away that bauble."

Bitter words, cruel criticism; but who shall say that they are not just?

Let us pass from a review which is nauseating, and refer to the great effort of sane England to awake a sense of responsibility in Governments and in the people of Great Britain in their duty to themselves and to the world to provide efficient seamen for their navy and mercantile marine.

Individual effort is doing much, Government action is being slowly compelled, statistics are unanswerable. If this nation is to maintain its comparative influence for good, the question of the manning of the sea-services is essentially urgent. We are sorry to see that some Government journals can spare very little space to report the proceedings of the important conference of Monday.

Fictitious telegrams from the censored seat of war, sporting intelligence, the doings of Mr. Jack Johnson, and encyclicals from the Memorial Hall commandeer so much of their space that the national existence of Great Britain, which in paragraphs is proclaimed to mean the destiny of the world, is crowded out of the editorial columns.

CECIL COWPER.

On the Eve of War

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 14.

TO-NIGHT as I sit at my window in the hour of shadows, when the heavy twilight has almost faded into night, I see below me beyond the ghostly cypress trees the Golden Horn, a lake of molten silver, with a single caique lying motionless upon its waters, its graceful lateen sail poised like the wing of a hovering bird. Beyond is Stamboul, drawn like a ragged band of purple velvet across the horizon and studded with lights that glitter like jewels; its domes and minarets clear cut against the fading violet sky. Above the city shines the silver crescent of a new moon—the defiant gage of Islam hurled in the western heavens; while from the east great black clouds are creeping round the horizon, covering the city as with a pall. Across the water a soldier is chanting his plaintive song of farewell; all else is still.

Then the quiet of the evening is broken by the strains of a military band, and a regiment of khaki-clad redifs comes marching down the street towards the railway station. The sound of their music fades away in the night, and there is silence once more. Then comes the sound of the clapping of hands and of cheering as a band of white-capped Albanian volunteers marches to fight for the Padisha.

Night and day for a week past troops have been passing, until the spectacle has become monotonous. This morning six batteries of field artillery came rumbling over the badly-paved streets, and the corps of officers—magnificent young men torn from their military studies to receive a premature commission—marched to receive the farewell blessing of the Sultan. There is no hysterical enthusiasm; the patient Ottoman soldiers go to war with calm, expressionless faces amid a silence which is dignified as death.

To-day as I stood beneath the golden domè of the Mosque of St. Sophia, all around me bearded, barefooted soldiers in khaki were making farewell prayer to Allah. From its galleries the Empress Theodora, the courtesan of the East, looked down with a cynical smile on her cruel lips, on 20,000 Christians worshipping their God. Here, too, drunken crusaders danced obscene dances around a wanton whom they had placed in the patriarch's chair. Then when Constantinople fell before the Turks, Mahommed, the conqueror, rode through the door of the church, leaping his horse upon the dead bodies of Christians which were piled four feet high in a building in the galleries of which alone 10,000 persons may stand with ease.

And now another act in its great drama of thirteen centuries is opening, and soldiers are praying for strength to resist what they believe to be the last great effort of the unbelievers to drive them out of the scarlet city, where for centuries first Christian and then Mahomedan has massacred and sinned.

Outside I met a long line of men marching single file and holding each other's hands, down the narrow, preci-

pitous street of Stamboul. Among them were beggars in gaudy rags, bearded men in striped caftans and bright coloured turbans, young Turks in the dress of modern Europe and slightly German in appearance; mild peasants in sheepskin coats, old men and young. It was one of the last batches of redifs marching to the barracks to join the colours. In a few hours they will emerge stripped of their motley Eastern dress, clad in British khaki, with a khaki fez on their heads, a Mauser rifle in their hands, and a modern field equipment on their backs. But they are none the less children of the prophet, confident that death upon the battlefield will ensure them an entry into Mahommed's material paradise.

I wandered home through the shadowy bazaars, where beneath vaulted arches old bearded men sit cross-legged and bargain amid a seemingly hopeless jumble of Persian carpets, costly silks from Damascus, gold, silver, jewels, shoddy tinsel goods from Germany, cottons from Manchester, and gimcrack furniture from Tottenham Court Road. Only old men and women are to be seen in Constantinople now, for the young men have marched away to the war.

Through an arch I caught a glimpse of the courtyard of a mosque all veiled in purple shadows, around which old men in turbans sat and smoked, while a blind beggar called for alms in a monotonous nasal chant. Farther on, in a remote alley of the bazaar, I came upon a white stone house, of the Byzantine empire, with a double façade of arches, which must have stood in the days when Constantine ruled the East; and I went on my way wondering if ever again Constantinople would become a city of Christ.

Unheard Melodies

Heard Melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

SOME years ago I remember hearing a literary lady express her opinion that Keats in this phrase was alluding to the Platonic idea of a supersensual music which is universal and appeals to the intelligence only, the divine archetype of all music which reaches us through the ears. Someone else, irritated at the pedantry of this interpretation, declared in a perverse fit of literalism that it meant no more than that the music which you imagined was more beautiful than that which you heard. At the time I could not make up my mind which was the more frigid or inadequate of the two explanations. For what can "music that you imagine" mean except tunes which you invent or repeat in your head? and even a Beethoven would scarcely admit that the undeveloped theme "in his head" was more beautiful than the finished symphony. On the other hand, a music which appeals only to the intelligence has the suggestion of a candidate for some diploma in musical theory, who sits down and works out figured basses and double counterpoint with perfect accuracy, but little or no conception of the effect which his exercise will have when translated into actual sound.

But like most misinterpretations, both these statements only need a little adaptation to express the complete truth. Keats does not indeed speak of his piper on the Grecian Urn as "playing to the intellect," but he does bid him

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Again, the love which the sculptor of the urn has portrayed is a universal, eternal love

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

This appears to mean nothing if it does not mean that the sculptor has by his representation expressed an idea of music which affects us in a different way from any particular music which we have ever experienced or ever could experience. It is not subject to the beginnings and endings of real melodies any more than the carven boughs of the trees need "bid the Spring adieu." It is of the eternal essence of music. Yet when we reflect on this idea, it puzzles us and makes us wonder if we have not been the dupes of an empty sentimentalism. We know that no carven image of a tree in spring could ever take the place of a living, radiant elm whose brilliance is our wonder and whose evanescence is our despair. Has not our unwillingness to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of what is so momentary and perishing a delight made us take cowardly refuge in a cold substitute, which tries to secure the permanence of the delight in a mere shadow of the reality, from which the freshness and the glory are eliminated?

It is a sufficient answer to this objection that no such low-spirited evasion could ever produce that high emotion which is the breath of life to a great poem. That the colour of the leaves should have been eliminated from the plastic representation of the scene is an accident. A picture would lose other elements. It would retain the colour and sacrifice the actual contours. But a successful picture of the same scene would not add or detract anything from the sentiment conveyed. Its emotional effect, if the artist were equally successful, would be exactly the same, with the possible exception that the idea of permanence, which is the essence of the poet's sentiment, is better expressed by marble than by pigments on canvas. And because this is so, it affects us with a kind of bewilderment. We are touched with the emotion and yet can give no rational explanation why we should be so touched. The intellect reels in the mazes of apparent contradiction no less than when it attempts to grasp the idea of infinite space or time.

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity.

But the contradiction is only apparent, and arises from the same cause as that which perplexes the mathematician. His difficulty is due to the fact that he supposes a fictitious thing called Infinity, which has mysterious qualities differing from those of the Finite. Similarly we are perplexed by fancying that we have an eternal music which differs from any transitory music

we have ever heard. But the truth would seem to be this. All art universalises in so far as it detaches certain emotions from the medley of our experience and reproduces them in a way which appeals not merely to this or that person, but to all who are capable of any emotion at all. If it did not deal in things which we can experience, however imperfectly, in our ordinary life, it would have no reality at all and would arouse no response in the human heart. But because in our ordinary life these experiences are crusted over with all sorts of irrelevances, we need to detach them and elevate them to a plane where these irrelevances do not affect them. Ford Madox Brown's "The Last of England" expresses the pure sentiment of the Emigrant. In reality, under similar circumstances, we have one eye to the thoughts of the Mother Country or Home, another to the luggage in the hold. Art eliminates the anxiety about luggage and all that is merely personal to you and me, and leaves that which makes the same appeal to all. It is true that a sort of Art can also deal with the luggage. But it does just the same; it universalises the hat-boxes and the rugs. Madox Brown has in fact thus treated the clay pipe. He would not have put it in if it were not part of the permanent meaning.

But how shall we thus universalise Art itself and express in a symbol what is its permanent meaning? It is hardly possible for Art to accomplish the miracle for itself, though some of the more titanic creations of Michelangelo or Beethoven or Shakespeare may almost be said to have done it. But for any single art it can be done through the medium of another. Botticelli has done it in Primavera, Donatello in his Singers, Wordsworth in Peele Castle. Keats has doubly achieved this result in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," for he uses an art to describe an art which in turn describes another. The task is specially adapted to the poet's medium, and the graphic arts can fulfil this object better than the musical. But the process is sometimes reversed, as when music has the effect of a poem or rather of the Spirit of Poetry itself. The result is an idea which is supersensual, for it is not reached through the senses proper to the art described, but through another, and it is universal in so far as it suggests something better than any particular work of art, because it suggests the whole of which all are parts, and seems to gather into one that which we actually experience at sundry times and in divers manners.

But lest I should seem to have wholly justified one of those two equally false opinions from which we started while rejecting the other, let me point out in conclusion that this doctrine is far from Platonic. Plato would scornfully have remarked that since the poet gives us a copy (the poem) of a copy (the urn) of a copy (the music) which is itself a copy of natural sounds, which are copies of the one Reality, he is five times removed from the truth; which, as the mathematicians say, is absurd, and shows plainly how false was that philosopher's view of art, and of Beauty which is Truth.

GUY KENDALL.

REVIEWS

The Smaller Wessex

The Woodlanders; The Mayor of Casterbridge; A Pair of Blue Eyes; Two on a Tower. By THOMAS HARDY. New Collected Edition. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. each net.)

EVEN to the reader with few pretensions to discrimination, who reads more for the story than for the subtler intellectual delights of mode and manner, the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy appears as separable, broadly speaking, into two classes. In the first may be placed those books where the whole scheme is firmly built, strong, as we might say, architecturally—where, if the trick of coincidence is used, it is used sparingly and falls naturally into its niche as a shaped stone into its bed; where, whether the ending be grim or gay, the reader is possessed with a sense that nothing but this could have happened. With these books, while one is under their spell, the tragedy is as relentless as a quadratic equation, or, if they move rarely to the tune of comedy, it seems the peaceful and necessary conclusion of the whole matter. "Tess" and "The Return of the Native" may be taken as examples of the sombre aspect of this class; "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The Woodlanders" may stand for the less clouded (one cannot always say more cheerful) aspect. In the second division may occur those books where, often with a more intricate plot, the reader is not carried away by the steady, machine-like force of what we may term the story's personality; where the coincidences seem to happen just as they are required for the development of the scheme and the bothering of the characters, and where sometimes the ending is perversely imposed upon a situation that might resolve itself easily in another way. Of this class the most striking instance is "Two on a Tower."

Here we have a story with a plot worthy of Wilkie Collins at his finest—a plot that could almost be set out with rule, compass and square in a mathematical figure. Lady Constantine falls in love with Swithin, the young astronomer ten years her junior, fearing all the time that her love will spoil his future; her husband being supposed to have died abroad, she marries him, not knowing that Swithin has declined a legacy contingent upon his remaining single to the age of twenty-five. By an accident she discovers this; she also discovers that her husband had died at a later date than had formerly been reported, so that the marriage so innocently, yet secretly, contracted was not legal. In her distress, denying her first impulse to have the ceremony repeated, she sends Swithin abroad to study, refusing to correspond with him until he comes to claim her. Then comes the most shattering discovery of all; and, in his absence, to save herself, she accepts the dignified proposal of the Bishop of Melchester. Swithin, absorbed in his astronomical studies at the Cape, hears of this; hears also, some time after, of the Bishop's death. He

delays his return; but when he does return and meets Lady Constantine on the old tower of his boyish observations, she looks haggard and aged, and for a moment his exaltation is checked. She, reading his thoughts, bids him farewell; but he has hardly reached the ground before the flood of his love—and pity—overwhelms him; he climbs again, to cry her name. They embrace, and in that passionate moment—she dies in his arms.

Such, barely told, is the plot; and how is any reader to avoid feeling that an ending which makes for happiness is wilfully distorted into a tragedy? Further, several times in the process of reading he will have felt an uneasy impression that things are happening not as a natural sequence in human lives, but as events very convenient to the author's conception of the pattern he is weaving. The tangle is deliberately made and deliberately unravelled; and if it be objected that all novelists must laboriously construct and dissect their plots, the answer is that we ought not to find ourselves consciously commenting upon the fact as we read. On the very morning of Swithin's wedding-day, just as he is starting for Bath to meet his Viviette, the postman hands him a letter containing the news of his uncle's conditional bequest. On their return journey, man and wife, as they fondly suppose, Louis, her brother, arrives, and accidentally switches her across the face with his whip, the tell-tale mark compelling Swithin to keep her in seclusion in his little wooden cabin for a day or two. Conversations are overheard, more than once, thus thickening the complications. Coincidence, again, is evident in Swithin's movements—both the letters which in her distress Viviette writes to him fail to reach him. By the very ingenuity of these methods the story is weakened in its appeal, however fascinating it may be to watch the lovers through their manifold agonies and raptures.

Beyond noting this broad difference between certain examples of Mr. Hardy's work, we need not pursue this categorical method of criticism, since carried to extremes it is profitless and leads to obscurity rather than to illumination. We may note, however, as a remarkable characteristic of nearly all his novels, the range and remoteness of his allusions and metaphors. A man's reading need be wide indeed if he is to keep pace with Mr. Hardy in this; he must be a scientist, a mathematician, an architect, an engineer, an artist, to grasp all the subtle touches by which impressions of persons or descriptions of scenery are conveyed. In "The Woodlanders" we have the leaves rustling "with a sound almost metallic, like the sheet-iron foliage of the fabled Jarnvid wood"; a farmer, "panting with Actæonic excitement"; "Darling," the white horse of Grace Fitzpiers, becomes "a Wouvermans eccentricity reduced to microscopic dimensions." In "The Mayor of Casterbridge" we are requested to observe that the shop-blinds of the town are "so constructed as to give the passenger's hat a smart buffet off his head, as from the unseen hands of Cranstoun's Goblin Page"; the amphitheatre "might have been called the spittoon of the Jötuns"; Elizabeth-Jane's simplicity was "the art that

conceals art, the 'delicate imposition' of Rochefoucauld"; the tumuli of Egdon Heath resemble "the full breasts of Diana Multimammia supinely extended there"; Lucetta, Henchard's charmer, "flung herself on the couch in the cyma-recta curve which so became her"—we have this again in "The Return of the Native": "Viewed sideways, the closing-line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the cyma-recta, or ogee." In "A Pair of Blue Eyes" Elfride holds her head "in the Greuze attitude"; Stephen's manners, "like the feats of Euryalus, owed their attractiveness in her eyes rather to the attractiveness of his person than to their own excellence"; Mrs. Smith "threw in her sentiments between the acts, as Coryphaeus of the tragedy, to make the description complete"; and so we might go on from book to book selecting examples, often happy, occasionally laboured and unnecessary, of this parlour-game of allusions which Mr. Hardy so loves to play. Merciless is he to the ordinary reader; if his heroine's shape reminds him of a geometric curve, down it goes in its technical nomenclature; and even though at times we feel as impatient with him as we do with his vacillating "Jude," or his Elfride who travels to London with her lover to get married and returns, still a maiden, by the next train, we cannot but admire his fertility. It is all a part of the microscopic vision with which Mr. Hardy sees nature as well as humanity. When Knight, in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," is slipping over the edge of the cliff, the incident takes fifteen pages to describe, about eight of which are devoted to the sensations of the man as he holds on—he perceives in front of his eyes, embedded in the rock, a fossil Trilobite, and, "separated by millions of years in their lives, Knight and this underling seemed to have met in their place of death. . . . Time closed up like a fan before him; he saw himself at one extremity of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously." It is a magnificent passage; no one can read it without being strangely moved; and who but Mr. Hardy could have written it? And yet it embodies the very antithesis of the dramatic method which one would pardonably think essential in dealing with such an incident. Elfride, who would "say things worthy of a French epigrammatist, and act like a robin in a greenhouse," is one of the sweetest heroines of Wessex, though, for a country girl with a limited outlook, she often converses like a philosopher. The whole story is especially interesting to West-country readers, with its "St. Launce's" for Launceston, its "Camelton" for Camelford, its "Castle Bterel" for Boscastle, and its peculiarly Devonian air.

Comparisons without number have been made, to the point of exhaustion, between Mr. Hardy's style and that of Meredith; we shall not wander down this bypath at present, but it is fascinating to compare two or three individual passages in the different writers. A paragraph in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" reminds us irresistibly of a similar one in "Diana of the Crossways":

Other clocks struck eight from time to time—one gloomily from the gaol, another from the gable of an almshouse, with a preparative creak of machinery more audible than the note of the bell; a row of tall, varnished case-clocks from the interior of a clock-maker's shop joined in one after another just as the shutters were enclosing them, like a row of actors delivering their final speeches before the fall of the curtain; then chimes were heard stammering out the Sicilian Mariners' hymn; so that chronologists of the advanced school were appreciably on their way to the next hour before the whole business of the old one was satisfactorily wound up.

We can but think, reading that, of Dacier, pursued through the night by the imperturbable hours, tolled twice over by a turret-clock out of order! And from "The Woodlanders" we will quote the description of Melbury's homestead:

The house was of no marked antiquity, yet of a well-advanced age; older than a stale novelty, but no canonised antique; faded, not hoary; looking at you from the still distinct middle-distance of the early Georgian time, and awakening on that account the instincts of reminiscence more decidedly than the remoter, and far grander, memorials which have to speak from the misty reaches of mediævalism. The faces, dress, passions, gratitudes, and revenges of the great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers who had been the first to gaze from those rectangular windows, and had stood under that keystone doorway, could be divined and measured by homely standards of to-day. It was a house in whose reverberations queer old personal tales were yet audible if properly listened for; and not, as with those of the castle and cloister, silent beyond the possibility of echo.

It is the sort of passage at which, in Mr. Henry James' books, we are accustomed to glow with serene pleasure; but had Mr. James written it, he would probably have omitted the words "dress" and "faces," and substituted other adjectives for "rectangular" and "keystoned."

With the broader aspects of Mr. Hardy's work we have dealt in these columns before, on more than one occasion, and there is no need to repeat our conclusions here. Few countries of fiction have so strong a basis of fact as Wessex; it is a little planet with an orbit all its own, unperturbed by the approach of any other sphere, and we may safely say that the orbit will not shrink or vanish as time goes on. W. L. R.

A Lady of Quality

The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1778-1817. Edited by her Grandson, RICHARD EDGCUMBE. Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It has almost come to this, that we should demand of every editor to-day who proposes to present the world with a new volume of memoirs something in the nature of an apologia. Book catalogues simply swarm with them—which may be an indication of considerable public demand. Indeed, there can be little doubt that there is an emphatic welcome for books of this order, and the most jealous conservator of literary interests may

rejoice thereat, while he has an eye to the quality of the supply. We see little edification and little permanent value in the resurrection of scandals which, by every canon of taste, should be left to a deserved oblivion. Nor is there always sufficient justification for bidding us hark back to the often insipid details of the private life of certain people of importance in their day, but who no longer give us any concern that they ever existed. The considerations that may be justly regarded as warranty for publication are the permanent interest of a distinctive human character, and the personal first-hand contribution to history or to national biography. These qualities, we are free to state, after approaching the book in this, perhaps, hypercritical spirit, we have found to our delight in Lady Shelley's Diary.

Mr. Richard Edgcumbe's task must have been a pleasant one, for these pages are written with a never-failing charm and vivacity, and the writer reveals herself as a lady of much winsomeness and strength of character. The travel notes give no unpleasant reminder of the guide-book, while the animadversions on the society of the day have a truly critical and judicial quality as coming from one who, though in no sense a prude, was undoubtedly a high-minded and virtuous lady. A strong vein of good sense and a facile gift of expression lend a peculiar interest to her remarks on public affairs. Not that she is altogether without her feminine prejudices, as is more particularly apparent when she comes to write of men and women, but she is frank and generous in owing to a misconception when it is dissipated by better acquaintance, and impresses one as never deliberately unjust.

It is the personal reminiscences which will, for most people, constitute the chief fascination of this diary. Most of the famous men of Europe of the Waterloo period were of Lady Shelley's ken, and they live in her pages with a rare actuality. There is Byron, whom she dubs "the *chronique scandaleuse*," and whose facial expression she describes with some insistence as "demoniacal." He is recently married, and his sister entertains hopes that the experience will have a sobering effect on him, but Lady Shelley fancies, from what she has seen of him, that he will not be at all easy to manage. There is Sydney Smith, too—who could surely be allowed to pass without the credentials of an editorial footnote!—enlivening "our Sunday evenings with his fun, and not *very* clerical conversation." Canova chips at his fame-destined marble while my lady looks on, and Metternich makes a friend of her in Vienna. Talleyrand, that curious character of perennial fascination, sits opposite her at dinner, and she thinks she

never saw so diabolical a countenance. He has no very marked feature, is pale, has a crafty expression, and a most villainous mouth. His fiendish laugh still haunts me.

A second dinner-table acquaintance fails to redeem her dislike. "He is a frightful object to look at, and rolls his tongue about in a disgusting manner." All the same, she is obliged to admit that he tells a story well,

and she evidently relishes this, from Brougham's lips, of Talleyrand and poor Bobus Smith:

Bobus Smith was one day expatiating at great length upon the wondrous beauty of his mother. It was during dinner. After boring every one to death with a subject in which none of the company could be in the least interested, Talleyrand said in a drawling voice: "Monsieur Smith, c'était donc monsieur votre père qui n'était pas beau?"

Lady Shelley had the good fortune to accompany her husband on a tour of the great battlefield of Europe just after the stirring events of the Hundred Days. Scarcely a month after Waterloo she is in Paris in the inner circle of the great personages who had foregathered there after the final crash. Perhaps the most arresting of these—with one important exception—is Alexander I of Russia. Lady Shelley's first impressions of him, formed on the occasion of the Imperial visit to London a few months previously, were anything but flattering. He is

shy and very deaf. He has a bad figure, tightened-in at the waist, and has a chest like a woman. His epaulettes are large, and placed very forward; and his arms hang in front very awkwardly.

Again, he is

a foolish, good-natured dancing dandy. Although he has more good qualities than bad, he is but a weak, vain coxcomb. Personally, he is as brave as a lion, but entirely under petticoat government.

That is rather a perplexing description; but now, at Paris, she sees the Emperor at closer range, marks his conduct at the great review of the Russian troops, his reverent bearing at the impressive field service, and is privileged to hold several conversations with him, with the result that the unfavourable impressions are substantially corrected, and she discovers much to admire. She firmly believes that in spite of his faults "he sincerely wishes to promote the prosperity of Russia, and that he leaves nothing untried which may bring good to his country."

The supreme figure in this diary, however, is Wellington, and it is the intimate and authentic note of these particular reminiscences that give the book its chief value. Lady Shelley's admiration for the great Duke amounted almost to idolatry, and she makes no secret of the fact.

Wellington condescends to converse with me as a friend. I hope my head won't be turned. . . . Every day adds to my pride at being an Englishwoman, and to my joy at being born in the same age with this great being.

It is with a delightful *naïveté* that she tells of the thrill of being permitted to ride "Copenhagen," and how she cut off a lock of the Duke's hair and took possession of a pen he had used. She is denied the pleasure of sitting next him at dinner, and is "*un peu triste*," and a thwarted plan for the hero's company robs the whole day of sunshine. The view of Wellington's character presented in these pages is a very attractive one. He is here anything but the "Iron Duke" of legendary fame. Gentle, kind, even gay, he walks beside his fair chronicler, in her eyes, at least, a prince of romance.

He even takes relief from sterner warfare in the momentous trivialities of court guerilla, and lends his sympathy to Lady Shelley for the dethronement of "Queen Willis"—otherwise the Lady Jersey of that day. But there are also such privileged glimpses of the Duke as the following, which must be our final quotation:

Those who accuse him of a lack of feeling—and some there are who state as much—have not seen him as I have, his eye glistening, and his voice broken, as he spoke of the losses sustained at Waterloo. "I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting."

On many other features of interest we have not space to dilate; but sufficient has been said to make it evident that lovers of the journal of intimate recollections will find in this book one of the best of its kind. And, if we read Mr. Edgumbe's preface aright, there is more to follow. If it is in any way comparable with this instalment it will be sure of a welcome.

The Authentic Muse and Some Pretensions

Song in September. By NORMAN GALE. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

Poems. By W. E. LUTYENS. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Pavements and Pastures: A Book of Songs. By THOMAS BURKE. (Privately printed. The Author, Eltham, Kent. 1s. net.)

Castle Building, and Other Poems. By GUY KENDALL. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

Songs Out of Exile. By CULLEN GOULDSBURY. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Drake in California. By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

WELCOME once more to Norman Gale's Arcadian muse! There is a dewy delight in these new poems of his; the sweetness we expected who had treasured his Country's Muse's Orchard Songs of many Septembers gone; and even an added charm, born of the light-following years. But the dew is here, and the bloom as in spring—only September's mellow sunshine: nothing of its decay. Mr. Gale seems to gather like the sun-kissed satiny fruit of his beloved orchards the clustering fancies and lovely grouping of tested words that other poets labour so assiduously, and so palpably, to fashion. Birds and flowers are the proper accompaniment of Mr. Gale's Orphic lute. They come at the call of image and

fancy with simple inevitability—blackcaps and throistles and finches, larkspurs and hyacinths and decent sweet-williams. We doubt whether Mr. Gale has ever done anything better than his "Dream and Ideal," personified in

Diana with her limbs of dream,
Her wavering heart of lily-stuff

and

The fragrant girl without a name
Who at the edge of being runs
Between the light and dark, and calls
Across the distance for my sake.

Goddess of his dreams, maybe, it is ever the sweet mortal girl who runs before him in his waking hours, for the lyrics are tenderly human. Not the jealous solitudes of Pan, but gardens and green aisles haunted by lingering human feet are Mr. Gale's world: haunted sometimes by gentle shades, as in the touching little poem, "A Review," which tells how he dreamed, one evening, searching vainly among the flowers of Heaven for his mother's face, but presently saw a rarer vision:—

For radiant in the window-seat
My mother sat with downward look,
Intently reading (how unmeet
For eyes so fair!) my latest book.

At last, when all the book was read,
She gave a happy little nod,
Drooped lower still her gracious head,
Kissed it, and faded back to God.

Of the charm of the rest—of "The Barley Birds," of "Invocations," of "The Shepherd's Song"—we have no space to speak. They would befit the lips of the happy mortals in Morris's Thames-threaded "Nowhere." In the strained days when we seem to have lost all cognisance of Arcady we will gratefully remember Norman Gale.

The "Poems" of Mr. Lutyens call for little comment. They rhyme and scan tolerably well, and have a general so-so quality. He favours Biblical subjects, with an occasional digression into inanimate Nature; but his ideas are rather thin and commonplace. We are not quite sure, but fancy "Ascensiontide" is his worst essay; we cannot satisfy our mind as to which is his best.

We are rather disposed to fall in love with Mr. Burke's little book, from its modest grey cover and elegant paper to its smallest lyric. He brings a fresh zest to his poet's adventure, and tracks the Lady Beauty through many unfrequented ways; not a few of these are in London; grimy, noise-racked corners and thoroughfares, which he challenges with a fierce tenderness for the redeeming marks of her passage. The memory of a smile in a Walworth attic, of a vanished rusticity at Clapham, of a love-meeting in Charing Cross Road; the vision of a London sunset from Shooter's Hill, and a wild rose blowing by Bloomsbury—thus he discovers them. And since we do not remember to have seen a poem about dear bustling Paddington before, we are minded to quote a stanza from one of two Mr. Burke presents us with:—

Deep in a dusk of lilac the station lies,
Vasty and echo-haunted and fiercely made;
Speared all about with sun where the arches rise,

Leaping on lusty limbs over pools of shade.
Oh, lovely are her lean lines, and lovely her poise,
Empanoplying the long, dim frenzy of noise.

Another poem distinguished by a refreshing novelty of vision and a generous discernment is that to "Elise Craven, Dancing." Sometimes Mr. Burke pays his fee to the older beauty, as in "Supplication" (which ACADEMY readers may remember), "My Beautiful," and an exquisite little song for music, called "My Heart"—pays it gracefully, too; but his poet's creed is best set forth in "The Minstrels," a lyric which is worthy to set beside the best of the many apologies of the poet. Yet we will carp a little, of our fastidiousness, ere we leave him. He is a little overfond of mist and lilac, and combinations of both; and "pallid, passionate moons" are rather at a discount nowadays. "Children of Toil" is too much an echo of "Love in the Valley"—though adopt the fascinating metre and you have a task to clear yourself of the imputation.

Mr. Guy Kendall, some of whose work also has appeared in this journal, is the writer of accomplished verse. His is the eye, not "in a fine frenzy rolling," but rather gazing steadily on life, lit with the quiet gleam of unflickering faith. This he enunciates in "The Whole Design," and again in "The Labyrinth." He has a gospel of work, too, which contains both inspiration and a criticism:—

Work is to fan life's spark till the flagging flames suspire,
To watch the soul aglow in a mirror fashioned with hands,
The joyful signal-light of a spirit that understands,
Till answering beacons blaze with the full contagion of fire;

To set one's seal as a god, to crown one's head for a king,
To see the bone of one's bone, the flesh of one's flesh,
and know
Not a workman on earth could have dreamed it, fingered
and fashioned it so,
Not an Angel in heaven could copy this unrepeatable thing.

An "Ode on the Tercentenary of Charterhouse"—with which famous school Mr. Kendall is intimately associated—is a worthy and dignified tribute; and a "Hymn to Pan" is in many ways the most satisfactory thing in the book. It is interesting to note the dedication to Herbert Kennedy, the Charterhouse youth, untimely dead, whose "poetical remains" were published a short time ago. This little volume is no discredit to Mr. Fifield's "Grey Boards Series," which is a model of quiet taste in format.

When a poet is introduced in red letters on the wrapper of his book as "The Kipling of South Africa" it is liable to be used in evidence against him. And it is scarcely surprising to learn from the back of the wrapper that Mr. Unwin has also a Canadian Kipling in stock. Confidentially, we are only waiting for the Kipling of Honolulu to complete our collection, by which time, possibly, the original type will have become obscured in a total eclipse. A pest on all these Kipling-lets! Why will they not have the decency to tune their own pipe? We prefer to judge Mr. Gouldsbury in the moments when he is free of the awful ægis. We are not

disappointed, for there is verse of good quality. "Dawn in the Hut," "Of any Port in Africa," "Exile," "The Shadow-Girl"—these are poems that live with no contemptible individuality, well turned, sweetly sung. Furthermore, in a group of Kaffir ballads he has found a distinct vein of his own. "Zama and Zirwa" is particularly successful. "Mambo's Burial Song," of which we give a couple of stanzas, is a worthy threnody:—

Still, though old and grey of beard,
His the voice the tribesmen feared;
His the name that we revered—Mambo, art thou gone?
Yea, to where the shadows grey
Swing like mealie-leaves a-sway,
Hiding from the light of day, leaving us alone.

Nay, it never shall be said
Mambo slumbers with the dead,
He who is of lions bred takes the lion's form;
Sometimes, when the moon is clear
We shall hear him stalking near,
Hear his thunder in our ear, louder than the storm.

Enough! Let the singer of the songs we have instanced not trouble himself about figuring as the "Kipling of South Africa," but content himself with being Cullen Gouldsbury, and he may live to vindicate his temerity.

We are relieved to find no hint of Mr. Scheffauer being the Kipling of California, though his opening poem might have stirred the rumour. This new volume which now he sends "into the carnage of the critic's pit" as food for the "stalled reviewer"—these are his cruel words—is an emphatic reaffirmation of his poetic virility; and it is a distinct advance on his last book. The fault of "The Masque of Elements" (which was reviewed some time ago in these columns) was that it was too highly wrought. It was like a design in iron-work, laboriously beaten and twisted; and the effect was of artificiality. In the present volume Mr. Scheffauer takes his art less frenetically, and the result is all gain. The title-poem is not remarkable for its substance—a Draconian critic might dub it "much ado about nothing"—but of course the verse is deftly fashioned, and it goes with a splendid swing. Its artistic success lies in the impression it certainly leaves of the gustiness and unleashed vigour of those remote robustious days. In truth, Mr. Scheffauer has a good deal of the spirit of those days in him—it has been called, we believe, "swashbuckling"; and the ballads which this volume contains are evidences of his real poetical exuberance when it trims itself for a clear course, and doesn't bother to stay every now and again tying fierce knots in the English language. Of the "Poems," as distinct from the ballads, we like best "The Secret Theatre" and "The Sea Slave"; the ballads are all good. A quartet of vigorous translations from Nietzsche rounds off the collation. Mr. Scheffauer still cherishes his extravagances—his "argentine largess of light"; his "glaring moons and asteroids"; he adds to our collection of verbal rarities such gems as "frore," "yarely," and "levins," and gives us a grievance against our somewhat conservative dictionary. All the same, this slim booklet of apple-green is by no means to be ignored.

Shorter Reviews

Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," or "The Defence of Socrates" and "The Drama of Loyalty." A New Translation, with the Greek Text Parallel, and Introduction and Notes by CHARLES L. MARSON, M.A. (Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

"SCHOOLS and Universities often teach people to play tiring intellectual games with the jewels of literature. The one thing they forget to teach about them is that they are jewels. A new language has been invented for translation—the dead English of classrooms. . . . But Socrates talked market-talk. He would be better put into living Lancashire or vital Somerset than in this inhuman mechanical jargon." Thus Mr. Marson defends in his preface his excellent translation. We do not know whether, once got to work, he has really aspired to "living Lancashire" or "market-talk." We suspect that he has abandoned the attempt; the market conversationalists have rather too limited a vocabulary to discuss the origins of life and death, and the principles on which States rest, and Socrates was hardly a provincial. Moreover, there is Plato to be considered; he has something to say to the form in which we know the "Apology" and the "Crito," and, if his aim was verisimilitude, his media were Attic prose and the highest literary art. But Mr. Marson has not tried any of these experiments; he has given us a good, sound, vigorous, and sometimes homely translation. It is, as we were bound to expect, uneven, and some passages are almost stilted, but when he gets going he is excellent. We will quote a fairly typical passage:—"O men of Athens, I am far from defending myself, as a man might fancy. It is you I am defending: lest you should somehow miss the gift of God, by voting me guilty. If you kill me, you will not readily find another such, who is simply, if I may be allowed a bit of a laugh, sent to buzz at the city [by God], just as if Athens were a great blood-horse, so strong that she is very sluggish and needs to be aroused by some gadfly of a thing." The introductory matter is written in a strain of fine enthusiasm, and contains, among other things, the verdicts of the later Greek world and of the Christian fathers on the life of Socrates. The notes are occasionally rather incoherent.

Valserine, and Other Stories. (English and French Versions.) By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. Translated by JOHN N. RAPHAEL. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

MR. RAPHAEL has made a great "coup" in getting hold of the practically unpublished *débuts* of the authoress of "Marie Claire." Whether he has been wise to translate them, and to incorporate his translations in the same volume as the stories themselves, is a question difficult to answer. The charm of Mme. Audoux lies so much in her fresh, direct style that the translator has a hard task to perform. Mr. Raphael is only half-successful: he seems by turns too careful and too careless. Some passages suffer from a literalness that is almost painful, others from a rough rearrangement of effects that re-

minds us of the well-meant activities of a college bed-maker. Still, for those who can read French there is the original text, and for those who cannot this translation is certainly good enough to show them things they did not know before.

All the stories, with the exception of the longest—"Valserine"—were written long before "Marie Claire." The "juvenilia" of the author of a masterpiece are always interesting, and some of the minor contents of the present volume have distinct intrinsic merit. "Valserine" is a maturer, more ambitious work, and must be judged separately. Mme. Audoux is above all things an artist, and, if we do not always experience great thrills, we are, at all events, spared all shocks and jars. Some of the episodes are so convincing that we cannot but feel that they are a piece of life—a piece of the writer's life, we should have said, only they are not quite consistent with each other. We will indicate, for example, the two sketches, "La Fiancée" and "Mère et Fille."

"Valserine" is a fine piece of pathos. The heroine, a little girl, hardly more than a baby, loses her father, a smuggler on the Swiss frontier, to whom she is passionately attached, and whom she has assisted in his enterprises. She at first hears only of his capture, but when she learns the true extent of her loss she breaks from her benefactors and chooses a home and a career that shall be more like a continuation of her life with her father. The first loneliness, before knowledge, the roughness of the final enlightenment, and the sublimity of the commemoration, are told with an admirable simplicity and force.

We have always thought that M. Octave Mirbeau was the wrong sponsor for Mme. Audoux. She is not exactly a "Barrésite," and it would be straining an innocent but fashionable word unduly to call her a "régionaliste," but she has too much of the sun and the soil in her to admit the claims of literary cosmopolis. She stands for the greater humanity—the humanity without the capital "h."

Histoire des Arabes. By CLEMENT HUART. Vol. I. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 20 fr. the two volumes.)

WE must confess to a feeling of disappointment on reading M. Huart's first volume. It is probably through expecting what we had no right to expect. The birth of Islam has been so often painted for us in the brilliant colours of romance that the drab tones of scientific history have the effect of an unpleasant surprise. At the same time we submit that Islam is not complete without the romance; the gospel of Mahomet and its wonderful conquering career are miracles that summon our awe and demand our meditation. M. Huart explains them, satisfactorily up to a point, by giving us the data and simply recording the sequence of events. The great enigma of Mahomet's soul gets somehow put on one side. We suppose that it never has been really confronted: Carlyle's explanation of a "hatred of idolatry" affords very little help. In any case, the lack of psychological method and of picturesque treatment makes the

present work rather difficult reading. The Arabs are so far away from us—further, indeed, than most Orientals—that sympathy requires a stimulus.

With all this, M. Huart has compiled a solid and much-needed historical work. He has limited his subject in such a way as to include Morocco and to exclude the Turkish Empire. He has shown great skill in elucidating the perplexity of social arrangements of pre-Mahometan Arabia, and he has explained the modifications of these arrangements due to the new way of life. The development of the Khalifate is worked out on good broad lines. Of Mahomet there are some excellent traits recorded. To a follower's suggestion of no quarter for some defeated Arabs, because they were "sons of pagans," he replied, "Et vous-même, n'êtes-vous pas des fils de païens?" The conquests of Islam are ascribed in part to the formulæ—drawn up for the purpose by the Koranic doctors—among which we will quote the surprising maxim, "l'homme mal monté mène la troupe," and also in part to the minimum nature of its requirements. It is possibly this characteristic of levelling up to a minimum that makes any but a short sketch of Arab history tend to be rather dull.

The American Government. By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.
(J. B. Lippincott Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is the offspring of frank megalomania. It is simply a swollen advertisement of the absolute perfection of the Federal Government of the United States of America, "the most active and powerful nation in the world"—"a story to make every American breast swell with pride." We admit that there is ample justification for pride—in dollars and machinery—but it is a little nauseating when arrogance is too blatant. At the same time, a good account is given of all the highly complicated and marvellously worked machinery of the numerous departments and bureaus of the Federal Government, and it makes very interesting reading. It is impossible not to be impressed with the extreme thoroughness which characterises the complicated working of the vast and intricate mechanism. Americans have a perfect passion for statistics on a stupendous scale. Mr. Haskin's work should satisfy their most voracious appetite. Millions and billions are nothing accounted of in the days of Taft. Even the number of million words uttered by the President in six years' speech-making is thought worthy of record. Everything in the States is quite superlative, "the largest and finest in the world," "nothing else in the entire history of the world compares with," "no other country has such an extensive system," etc., etc. Chapter after chapter begins with this sort of magniloquence, till there is no more spirit left in us. There is, however, one notable exception. It is admitted that the British Navy is the most powerful in the world, the United States being a good second.

With such crumb of comfort we return to our own insignificant country, all agape at this demonstration of the land that "licks creation."

The Church of Armenia. By MALACHIA ORMANIAN, formerly Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople. Translated from the French Edition by G. M. GREGORY, V.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 5s. net.)

ARMENIA was converted to Christianity at the beginning of the fourth century by the preaching of Gregory the Parthian (S. Gregory the Illuminator), who died in the year of the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. Since his day the Church of Armenia has maintained a national independence through all the throes of religious and political persecution and the horror of "massacres which, with periodic recurrence for centuries, have played havoc with the nation's Fatherland and Church." The Armenians are a democratic race of sturdy highlanders, ready to make any sacrifice for their religion, and their history illustrates the importance to the State of maintaining a national Church as the symbol and bond of nationality. Dr. Neale and Dean Stanley long ago pointed out the parallelism between the cases of the Armenian and English Churches. In both lies the principle of national independence, compatible with true Catholicism, yet protesting against the infallibility of any one branch of the Church Catholic. In this work there is first a short history of the Church in Armenia, followed by a lengthy survey of its doctrine, rule, discipline, liturgy, and literature, with an appreciation of its present position and influence in the Near East. The account of doctrine, local customs, and ritual, of the clergy, and of the power of the laity is full and excellent. The book should be indispensable to students of comparative ecclesiology. Its chief value lies in the fact that it is written from within by a learned man who for many years held a high and important position in the Church. Colonel Gregory has given us a careful and sympathetic translation.

Through Dante's Land: Impressions in Tuscany. By MRS. COLQUHAN GRANT. Illustrated. John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

IN this book Dante's land is made the scene of some adventures on the part of quite modern folk. We have first of all a squire from the County of Crowshire, whose conversation with his sister elucidates the treasures of the historic soil. The advent of a lady with second-rate airs and graces from the same county leads, by way of a reluctant companionship, to further explanations and discussions concerning the monuments of Sunny Italy. Before long the undesirable lady is disposed of, and her situation as receiver of information is carried on by two charming Americans, one of whom provides food for a most unexpected tragedy of the affections in the course of the final couple of pages. The book is pleasantly enough written, and contains some admirable photographs of Florence, Camaldoli, the Castle of Poppi, Vallambrosa, and similar spots. The scheme on which it has been elaborated is, nevertheless, not a happy one. The incidents of fiction seem to blend somewhat ill with the realities of travel and information, and vice versa. It is not always wise to attempt to kill two birds with

one stone; in this instance both have been merely wounded. Not that the book should be misjudged from this latter phrase. It is both readable and useful—but it might have been better.

Gates of the Dolomites. By L. MARION DAVIDSON. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

THE Dolomites could scarcely have found a champion more ardent than Miss Davidson. Since 1905, she explains, "it has been my endeavour to enter and leave the Dolomites by every possible and sometimes seemingly impossible way during my thirteen visits, which, all counted up, together represent well over a year spent in the Mountain-land." The present book is the result of her numerous visits to the country of picturesque peaks, the geography of which, as the author explains, is familiar to so very few of the travelling world.

It will not be Miss Davidson's fault if this ignorance continues; for her book is comprehensive and thorough, and leads the reader to many of the least accessible and most fascinating neighbourhoods of this curious region. In many respects the work falls within the guide-book category; but the details of the various centres, routes, and hotels are pleasantly varied by the numerous incidents and minor adventures which are inevitable in a country such as this. In order, moreover, to add to the scope of the subject, Miss Davidson has enlisted the services of allied pens. Thus Sir Melville Beachcroft supplies an introductory couple of pages, and Miss Adeline Edwards the details of some very interesting ascents, while Mr. F. M. Spencer Thomson contributes some valuable matter on the Flora of the Dolomites and on the Tyrolese and their origin. To lovers of the mountain country the book cannot fail to be of interest.

Early History of the Christian Church from its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century. By MONSIGNOR LOUIS DUCHESNE. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. Volume II. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

THERE are many histories of the Early Church, yet the student will surely find room in his library for a work from so learned a scholar as Mgr. Duchesne. This volume is in effect the story of the great Arian controversy and partly of the Donatist schism. Mgr. Duchesne is a writer of judicial mind and impartial criticism. He does not waste time in tilting at ecclesiastical windmills, but where criticism is necessary he is unsparing. His historical method is that of Lord Acton. He deals with the mistakes of the orthodox in the same spirit with which he judges the enemies of the Church. He is not devoid of humour. The faithful historian is not always a *grata persona* with the rigid ecclesiastic, whether Roman or Protestant. But this fact is one of the best tests of his claim to write history. The days of Froude and Macaulay are passing, and we live in an age when history must, as it were, stand the searchlight of a court of justice. Historical research must be as keen as scientific investigation. There can be no *suppressio veri* in the interests of persons or parties. Here Acton

and Creighton clashed. Mgr. Duchesne is fearless. His judgments are refreshing. Thus alone can any true estimate be formed of periods of raging controversy. Therefore his work will be read and appreciated by all who are able to understand history in a spirit of detachment.

An Athenian Critic of Athenian Democracy. Being a Translation of the "De Republica Atheniensium." By FRANCIS BROOKS, M.A. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE little essay of "The Old Oligarch," as Professor Gilbert Murray dubbed the anonymous author of "The Athenian Polity," is almost as pregnant with political interest for us as for those amongst whom its author moved. No man has ever appreciated more fully the strength of an island having command of the sea, and the weakness of a democracy. With regard to the tone of the essay, we are at variance with Mr. Brooks when he adopts the view that "the effect of irony is due solely to a cold and passionless detachment on the part of the writer, who sets forth his facts statistically and without emotion, and leaves the reader to pass upon them what judgment he pleases." Such a view is in our opinion unjustifiable in the face of the biting irony and bitter scorn with which the whole composition is impregnated, and the obvious insincerity of such praise as is bestowed. However, this is a question which does not affect the value of the translation, which is sufficiently close to convey the spirit of the original. But why does Mr. Brooks call the latter the "De Republica Atheniensium"? For all that appears to the contrary, one might imagine that the work was composed in the Latin tongue.

Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti. With Translations of them and an Introduction by EZRA POUND. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

GUIDO CAVALCANTI, little known in England, has been considered by some Italian critics of repute as second to Dante alone among their lyrical poets. In spite of an occasional exaggerated preciousness and an occasional crabbedness, Mr. Ezra Pound has made it possible for the English reader to understand him. For the most part the translation keeps pace admirably with the text, and he that, unacquainted with Italian, will read Mr. Pound will have read also Guido Cavalcanti. Mr. Pound believes in an absolute rhythm, and, finding its perfection in Cavalcanti, he has aimed at repeating it in his own verses. Originally he intended a prose translation, but, as he whimsically observes, "I cannot trust the reader to read the Italian for the music after he has read my English for the sense." Love and Death are the matter of the Sonnets and the Ballate, as they are of the "Vita Nuova." The identity of Guido's lady is lost with "les neiges d'antan." The colours of his palette are many, but his favourite harmonies are born of the sunshine and the spring—

Avete in voi li fiori, e la verdura,
E ciò che luce, o è bello a vedere.
Risplende più, che 'l sol vostra figura.

—"Thou hast in thee the flower and the green."

Fiction

Darnely Place. By RICHARD BAGOT. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

SETTING aside the deference due to the consideration of the work of an expert in his own line, as is Mr. Bagot on Italian people, we must confess that "*Darnely Place*" wearied us, and would further venture to hazard a guess that it wearied the author too. There is nothing pronouncedly Italian, particularly English, nor especially anything about the setting of the story. The characters, unless we except the dog—who is charming—are not alive enough to excite any real interest in what they do or in what becomes of them, and they show a tendency to play with old nursery toys in the way of stage-properties, disappointing in children of so experienced a parent as Mr. Bagot. The people seem to be in the author's mind merely as puppets, used to demonstrate a theory. The theory does grasp our attention when it is first introduced, for the idea of visible psychic phenomena produced at third hand, traceable to a memory in the brain of a dead man and controlling the destinies of several living people, is certainly a scheme worth dressing puppets for.

This idea is all there is in the book, and Mr. Bagot has not had the courage to carry the thing through. In fact, having allowed us to see exciting visions of, as it were, the whole Cheshire cat, he withdraws, as the story goes on, more and more of the body and head of the animal, leaving us at length gazing in disappointment at a mere grin, and a half-hearted one at that. We are led to believe that either the materialist or Mr. Bagot, or some other agency out to spoil a good idea, must have suggested that a scene in the memory of a man, cast into the brain of another man, and out at length through a third brain—was a longer chain of psychic connection than any "reasonable Public" would accept. Hence the end of the story, where we find the second link, as we are led to think him, shedding false names and everything else, and declaring himself to be—with all the proofs that novelists keep in their store cupboards—the original villain of the original drama, "not dead after all."

This is a disappointment, for we had really hoped that when, through his gifts as a medium, this rather unconvincing person cast pictures of ancient events casually before a young descendant of the actors in the old story, he was passing on impressions conveyed to him by a dead and repentant villain. That would have been splendid and rather exciting—the whole bag of tricks exploited psychically—love, villainy, remorse, revenge, and restitution. Mr. Bagot, however, does us out of this, and really anyone who can delight us—as, in one grateful recollection, he has done—ought to show better stage management.

The book, on its own declaration, should figure for classification on the list headed "Ideas"; it does not claim a place among those catalogued as stories, tragedies, comedies, or character studies: it should, of course, be judged accordingly. When, however, the

author maliciously deprives it of the greater force of the very idea itself, the critic feels inclined to shake his head and declare that he "won't play."

Rusted Hinges. By ST. CLAIR HARNETT. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

A PUBLISHER'S note concerning this book states that it is "a thing so novel in its form as to prick the interest of the most jaded reviewer." We would fain corroborate this statement, but confess that we find in "*Rusted Hinges*" a hotch-potch of mediæval romance—variety carried to such lengths that it becomes wearisome through its disconnectedness. Here and there, in the earlier chapters, we catch glimpses, faint though they may be, of that spirit of romance which the author invokes, but hardly evokes. Toward the end of the book we begin to feel that its author has grasped at the spirit in half a hundred different ways, and somehow has failed to clutch it. Had he made one decided grasp rather than these many little efforts, he would probably have achieved greater success.

His direct address to the reader is rather out of date, yet Mr. Harnett insists on using it. He affects mediæval style, too, to a rather irritating extent: "proaching" for "approaching" strikes us as an unfortunate mannerism, rather than a means of conveying the spirit and atmosphere of a half-forgotten period. But we have said enough by way of criticism, and we grant that here and there Mr. Harnett evokes a real thrill, and betrays a capacity for writing fiction of a certain order which causes us to hope that we may hear of him again in work of more solid and—we regret to confess it—a more conventional form. It is unwise for the beginner, as Mr. Harnett appears to be, to attempt a reversal of the accepted forms of fiction writing. Innovations of that kind may be attempted when a man has won his spurs in whatever field he elects to fight. To attain success in the setting of a new fashion demands genius of a very high order, or extraordinary luck. When the possession of such genius has been proved, the attempt may be made, but it is unwise for a beginner to trust to luck to such an extent as is displayed here.

Told by the Ayah. By ADVENA HEARLE. (J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 1s. net.)

THE ayah, or Indian nurse, is a personage of some importance in an Anglo-Indian household, especially in the care of the children, whom she has to look after day and night. These stories, told by an ayah to her little charges in India, in the hot weather, when the hours pass wearily, will carry back many an English mother and child to the happy days of the latter's early youth, before the inevitable separation of Anglo-Indian families dealt its deadly blow on family life. The subjects are of common kind, of Indians of various classes from the Raja to the dacoit, and of animals from the crocodile to the jackal, in a setting of fairyland. They were taken down from the ayah's narrative, and have been well and clearly translated. They will entertain all young children and their parents too. It is a cheap gift-book for the young folk which they will value greatly.

Shorter Notices

FOLLOWING the example set by Lytton in his great historical romances, Lieut.-Colonel Haggard permits fiction to lead history blindfold in "THE ROMANCE OF BAYARD" (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.), and relates how Marguerite, sister of the then King of France, followed Bayard to his battles after disguising herself as a trumpeter, in company with no less a figure from English history than Anne Boleyn, also disguised in male attire. How far history countenances these extravagances it is not for us to say, but they make up an exceedingly diverting story until the moment in which the *preux chevalier* expires in his Marguerite's arms. The characters are well presented, though the author insists too much on their virtues and vices. It is quite unnecessary to describe a brave or contemptible deed, and then write a paragraph, or mayhap a page, informing the reader that the aforesaid deed was brave or contemptible, as the case might be; it is, moreover, but a poor compliment to the reader's intelligence. Still, Colonel Haggard has caught the flavour of the times concerning which he writes, and we wish he had given us all the story of Bayard, rather than the story of the only love-affair in which—so we are assured—the great knight played a part.

A rather slender love story is used in "THE BROAD WALK" (Constable and Co., 6s.) as a peg on which to hang certain descriptions of Russian life and character. M. Leonie Aminoff is decidedly epigrammatic, using that word in its best sense, and there are a number of witty little passages in the book which atone, in some measure, for the disjointed style in which it is written. This latter, doubtless, is consequent on the nationality of the author, who, however, displays a remarkable familiarity with English writers, classic and otherwise, in a number of extremely apposite quotations. Viewing the book as a whole, it forms a well-told series of incidents, but these are so loosely strung together, and the reader's attention is switched to such an extent from one to another that, at the end, one is left with the sense of a series of unrelated stories rather than of one tale. It is, however, excellent light reading, and, as such, will find its public.

Summing up his own work, and finally disposing of his characters, Mr. Bohun Lynch terms his book, GLAMOUR (John Murray, 6s.), "a fitful commentary," and the phrase is most apt. The story concerns modern Greece, an unlikely spot in which to find glamour of the sort which the hero set out to find, but Chrysoula, the little Greek heroine of the story, contents him—when he has won her. In the winning lies all the plot that the book possesses. We confess to a genuine regard for Hull, the adventurer for whom glamour no longer exists, but confess, also, that we find his strenuous career a trifle overdrawn. Hull is too complete; he has lived too many lives in too many parts of the world to be quite real. The writer knows his Greece, and the Greek character, in so far as the book expresses it, is well drawn. The Homeric fight with which the story concludes will provide a thrill even for the most hardened

and *blasé* novel-reader. For that alone the book is worth reading.

Ianthe Cavendish has thoroughly enjoyed writing every line of what was evidently no task. Without the smallest effort, and with a great deal of spontaneous belief in them and herself, she presents us with three delightful people in "DOCTOR BROWN'S PARTNER" (Ham-Smith, 6s.), moving in a crowd of very reasonable satellites. The setting of the story, a "Cure House" run on novel lines by a young doctor with a personality, allied to a thoroughly well-bred snob of a partner, may not be new, but the author's conviction of the freshness and glory of her *mise-en-scène* persuades the reader into believing the idea to be a new one. Doctor Jack is a delightful person. He poses as the son of a Jewish rag-and-bone merchant in order the more triumphantly to subdue the young arrogance and girlish stubbornness of his guest and patient—the daughter of a Ducal Viceroy; and later on turns into a Duke, with a subtle sense of humour and the opportune quite as irresistible to the reader as the man himself becomes to the haughty young woman whom he loves. The patients are carefully not allowed to become caricatures—although the American Mrs. Locke narrowly escapes that fate. From her, however, we get one sentence so splendid that we can forgive much, both to the widow of Josias P. Locke and her creator: "No one could doubt the respect I show to the memory of Josias P. Locke in all Kensal Green Cemetery, and I reckon you won't find such a real sweet sarcophagus as I had erected over him, myself in marble weeping on the top!"

Much is being written just now on Wales and its people, and students who are unable to study on the spot may find in "PICTURE TALES FROM WELSH HILLS" (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) many illustrations of habits of thought and life as foreign to their ken as those of a far country. Speaking from personal knowledge, we can say that there is no corner of the world in which an Englishman feels so strange and out of touch as in some Welsh valley where the people cannot or will not speak English. The best of the stories, and the most characteristic, is "The Way He Went." The authoress gives a new version of a well-known rhyme:—

Taffy was a Welshman and a thief was he;
Taffy came to my house, and stole my heart from me.
I went to Taffy's house as one goes from home,
There I set my own house and seek no more to roam.

In "THE WOOING OF MARGARET TREVENNA," by Roy Meldrum (Andrew Melrose, 6s.) we have a tale of the seventeenth century well told, and full of incident from beginning to end. The wooing of Margaret—the reputed daughter of a country squire—by a highwayman, a heretofore gentleman of title and estate, is delightful and exciting. Her escape from a tyrannical stepmother who tries to induce her to marry a man she does not love; his escape from the officers of the King, a price having been put on his head; and their subsequent devotion in helping a plague-stricken village of three hundred poor souls furnish ample material for a story well worth the reading.

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

FOR a good many decades the English Channel has been the subject of much ingenious thought. The unpopularity of its waves has given rise to innumerable schemes for their avoidance. Indeed, were someone to take the trouble to write a really comprehensive article concerning the various plans—sane and otherwise—which have been brought forward to this particular end, the result would be notable in the way of a revelation in the workings of the more imaginative human mind. For, as regards the general schemes contemplated, the famous tunnel, which not only was discussed and argued about, but the working of which was actually begun, formed only one of the numerous feats of the imagination. Although ambitious, there was, in the light of modern achievements, nothing wild or bizarre in the plan. It was otherwise with the amazing and wonderful bridges pictured by those experts whose minds had apparently become heated to an altogether undue extent in their frenzied efforts to foil the particular waters which have probably exerted a more malign influence over a larger number of human interiors than any other stretch of sea in the world. There is no doubt that in one sense the evil reputation of the Channel has been unjustly come by. It is due, that is to say, rather to the number of passengers who float uncomfortably on its surface than to any especial demerits of its own. In this respect the waters of the English Channel have much in common with those of the Bay of Biscay. In marine life both these places answer very closely to the Clapham Junction of the railway world. All three are spots of peculiarly crowded traffic, and are therefore subject a thousandfold to the ordinary run of criticism and complaints which attends the general path of the traveller.

It is true that of late years not a few winged men have flown from the coast of one country to that of the other, thus ignoring the waves of the English Channel for the first time in the history of mankind since restless spirits took to trusting themselves on the face of the waters. But such journeys still remain something in the nature of feats, and the ordinary passenger from England to France, or vice versa, is quite content to remain profoundly unconcerned with any personal experiences of this nature. The methods accepted by the multitude of his fellow-passengers are quite good enough for him, and in this he is no doubt quite right. Hence any new scheme by which he is enabled to travel in company with his fellow ticket-holders is much more likely to meet with general approval than one which involves individual attempt. The latest of these—one, moreover, which seems to be receiving really serious attention from practical and interested quarters—is a project to institute a railway ferry service between England and France. The mail trains, instead of concluding their journey at the water's edge, will be run on to the deck of a great vessel and, having been carried in this way over

the Channel, will continue, intact, their journey to the other side. By this means the passenger would be enabled to enter his compartment in London, and remain within it—whether completely undisturbed or not remains to be seen—until the train had reached its destination at Paris or any of the minor French towns.

Once instituted, the possibilities of the scheme are endless. The extension of the various termini of a direct route then would be nothing beyond a matter of arrangement and schedule. For the practical purposes of travel the definition of an island has already been destroyed by the invention of flight. But this, of course, as I have already said, is at present restricted to the very few. So far as unbroken communication is concerned, this ferry would serve the same purpose, less perfectly, it is true, but efficiently enough for all ordinary needs. The idea in itself is fascinating to those who love to travel in sublime ease. To be enabled to see one's impedimenta stored in a compartment at Victoria, Charing Cross, or any other of the London stations, and to remain in undisturbed possession of one's own particular itinerant corner until the arrival at some very distant destination affords a distinctly pleasant prospect. Given the ferry, St. Petersburg—that town which, for some reason or other, we in England alone have canonised—would come very easily within the category of the direct route. And why should not one see at Charing Cross a train embellished with such legends as "Through carriage to China"? There is no reason on earth why this should not come about. On the continent they have already become more or less accustomed to such things. It is only in our island that they would strike with the amazement of the utterly novel.

Railway ferries themselves are, of course, no new things. One of the most important I have seen is in South America. It harnesses the great river Paraná, and connects the former isolated province of Entre Rios with the main centre of Buenos Aires. The length of the journey is, so far as I remember, about sixty miles, and the passage of the steamer-borne train along the silent waters is not a little remarkable to witness. As regards mere length, the enterprise of the Channel is as nothing compared with this. But there are possibilities in the Channel which do not obtain in the sheltered stream of the Paraná. The question naturally arises here: What would happen in the event of a gale? The majority of folk are only too familiar with the sensations caused by a continued disturbance of their bodily equilibrium. What difference is there between rolling in a ship pure and simple, or confined in a railway compartment attached to the deck of a vessel? It is here that one may feel some discouragement concerning the venture; for it seems possible enough that the second state might well prove worse than the first. But this is a matter which the experts have doubtless taken into consideration, and much comfort may be derived from the feats which modern science has achieved in such directions as these.

The Theatre

Three New Plays at the Duke of York's

ROSALIND.

MR. J. M. BARRIE displays all his most charming, most arresting qualities in this tiny comedy. It epitomises his knowledge of the heart of man and his gay and tender imagination. It engages your interest from the first moment to the last; it may touch you to tears, or compel your laughter by a turn of phrase or a fanciful, gay thought. The story is the elemental truth that a woman can be young and middle-aged, in years, at the same time, and that she can enjoy both states with equal delight. But there are a thousand more things than this in the play which Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Donald Calthrop, and Miss Haye act with fine feeling and deep sincerity and a sense of gaiety and of pathos which is as rare as it is welcome on the English stage. Miss Vanbrugh plays the part of a greatly admired actress who appears like every other woman to be about twenty-nine. She is really middle-aged—"forty and a bittock." So this year, when the summer comes, she goes away, and hides in comfortable, commonplace lodgings, and feels and looks just as old as she likes. But there is her friend Charles, one of a thousand admirers of her youth and liveliness, who happens upon her secret dwelling and mistakes her for the mother of the girl he loves. The most delicious comedy scenes follow upon this situation, for Mr. Donald Calthrop, who plays the boy of twenty-three, is almost as skilful and as resourceful as Miss Vanbrugh herself. How the famous actress disillusionises the boy about his love, how she makes him love the middle-aged woman she is for the moment, how she changes again to the young girl and so off to London to play Rosalind, these things must be seen—and, if you are fortunate, seen several times. The whole play is a pure delight, instinct with the poetry and the sorrow of life; rich in laughter, yet deeply freighted with those half-suppressed tears which such great artists as Mr. Barrie and the lady who plays his heroine allow us to feel rather than to see. Mr. Frohman is, of course, a master of the arts of the theatre, and so he prepares for the enjoyment of the most charming little comedy of our time by presenting us with two dull plays.

OVERRULED.

This is, I am told, admired by those who follow the works of Mr. Bernard Shaw with blind appreciation. The period is yesterday night, and the humour and the acting of the piece appear to belong to the same time, unless, indeed, they have more in common with the day-before-yesterday. The fortunate may find Mr. Shaw's attempted satire on English conventions highly amusing; to us it seems stale and unprofitable. The actors appear well aware that they are boring the audience. The audience shows every sign of sympathy with the actors. The play, in which two husbands and two wives talk of love and separation, and about it and about, is described as

a demonstration, and it certainly makes clear the interesting fact that the amusing author of "Fanny's First Play" can be intensely tedious.

THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD.

The reign of George III supplies the period for Sir Arthur Pinero's so-called fantasy, and Mr. Byam Shaw has designed the costumes. As for the rest, it is a made-up story which does not convince us for a moment after the manner of true fantasy. It may be said that Miss Maude, as the widow, and Mr. Fred Kerr, as the ghost of her dead husband, do everything in their power to make us feel interested—but it is not very much. It is not a play to be criticised, but it serves an admirable purpose. It adds by simple contrast to the grace and charm and truth of "Rosalind." After all, to be able to give us one beautiful and successful play out of three is an achievement on which any management should be warmly congratulated.

"Zaza" at Queen's Theatre

THERE is the ring of old, forgotten, far-off theatrical things about the revival of Mr. David Belasco's adaptation of this once widely popular play. Old-fashioned stage characters, old-world pseudo-emotions, passé hysteria, half-remembered tricks, make up the sum of this production. It would appear that the active life of the stage during the last ten years has in no way affected the mind of the management at the Queen's; they have learnt nothing, they have forgotten nothing. All the work of the younger race—from, say, Mr. Shaw to Mr. Macdonald Hastings, counts as of no worth. The outworn conventions of the last century are good enough for the producers of the present "Zaza," and we are glad to admit that they make these effects as telling as it is possible. Just as there are many people who only visit the operas of their youth, so there must be many who enjoy almost extinct plays of long ago. Miss Ethel Warwick, who plays the rôle made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mrs. Lewis Waller, brings youth and beauty, splendid physical organisation, and a certain unrestrained freshness and strength to her rather ill-requited labour. Zaza is certainly a long and trying part—but Miss Warwick undertakes it with high confidence and bravery. The result is not quite as agreeable as we could wish, but that is one of the faults that is of the essence of the play itself. Miss Warwick's natural gifts and her evident efforts make one wish that she could be seen in some real part, something at least not quite so artificial, theatrical, and of yesterday. As to the play, the story of the café singer who determines to enslave a rather sophisticated man of the world, and does it with the greatest ease although he is happily married, loses him and gains him again when he is free, is already familiar and quite unbelievable. The fact that Mr. Guy Standing plays the part of the willing victim of Zaza's passion makes the story seem a little more improbable than it has sometimes seemed in the past. For he shows us the sort of man who knows his world, the kind of person little inclined to be very de-

voted—in the last act—to this unreal heroine. However, both he and Miss Warwick look splendid, and present their curious stage characters with even more conviction than one has any right to expect. Occasionally, it is true, both seem a little doubtful as to how to bring their various actions into harmony. But there are scenes in which they understand the theatricality of the situations and play them for even more than they are worth. Some of the minor characters are admirably played. Miss Kate Keary as the aunt of Zaza makes the most of the well-worn humours of a more or less secret alcoholic. Mr. Heath Haviland, too, is excellent as the stage-manager, Joly, but he, like many another accomplished actor in the cast, makes us long for a real play in which they might all shine instead of this thankless souvenir of days that are over, and stage dreams that are done.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" at the Little Theatre

THE brilliant attractiveness of Miss Gertrude Kingston's method, and the sincerity and clarity of Mr. Charles Sugden's stage manner, give something more than a touch of freshness and reality to this somewhat tentative and unimportant work by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It was, he tells us, written in 1899, a period when he was feeling his way towards later successes. But the author and many other people consider "Captain Brassbound" an admirable piece of work, epoch-making in its day and for all time. Personally, we think it is an attempt which has rather missed fire, and that although Sir Howard Ballam, the judge, and Lady Cicely Waynflete, his sister-in-law, are clearly drawn, delightful characters, Brassbound and the rest are uncertain, of the world of shadows, unconvincing in a marked degree. And yet with all its crudities and careless faults it is a far better entertainment than half of those produced in town. And the revival at the Little Theatre—with its pleasant, fresh decoration, its intimate and agreeable atmosphere—should be seen by all who are interested in the rapid progress of the stage. As we have said, two at least of the actors are immensely attractive in themselves, and then, from the point of view of the history of the stage, it is intensely interesting to note just how wayward and old-fashioned a play of 1899 stands forth in 1912.

EGAN MEW.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

IN the October number we find an account by Herr Ermatinger of the relations between Gottfried Keller and the Duncers—a Berlin publisher and his relations. The problem of Keller's passion for Frau Duncker's sister is only partially solved by the hitherto unpublished letters contained in the article; the next number, however, may help us. It is interesting to note that some of the first-hand materials for the characteri-

sation of the persons concerned are due to the veteran editor of the *Rundschau*, Herr Julius Rodenberg. Herr August Fournier tells the story of the Viennese secret police, from its origins under Joseph II to its complicated activities during the Congress of Vienna; we learn, for instance, that Lord Castlereagh was careful to engage his maid-servants without the assistance of the native authorities; even that did not save him from police observation. Professor Federico Hermanin explains, with the aid of a map, the excavations planned in Rome by Professor Ricci; the scheme is to include the restoration of the forums of Augustus and Nerva, and the extension of the forum of Trajan to something like its original limits. Professor Hermanin incidentally defends these excavations from an æsthetic point of view. Herr Schneegans gives a study of Rousseau, and Herr Ernst Zahn contributes a story, to be concluded in the next number.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

September 16.—The correspondence between Baudelaire's mother and his intimate friend, Charles Asselineau, contains some very pathetic passages. For instance, during the last illness of the poet, his mother writes:—"On m'a dit qu'il peut dire maintenant: *bonjour, Monsieur*. Je désirerais savoir s'il le dit spontanément, de lui-même, quand on va le voir, ou bien s'il le répète après M. Duval qui l'exerce à prononcer quelques mots." The disintegration and swan-song of geniuses are studied from a more powerful point of view by Dr. Paul Voivenel—Nietzsche, Rousseau, Schumann, and Maupassant serving as his examples. M. Georges Batault, in his long article—"Les Tendances de la Poésie Contemporaine"—is optimistic and informing. He recognises in modern French poetry a loss of interest in history, but claims for it "la redécouverte de la vie."

October 1.—Mme. Alexandra Davidson contributes a *spirituel* account of her interview at Kalimpong, "l'Avignon du Dalai-Lama," with that august personage. Anne-Marie and Charles Lalo discuss at some length the abuse of the man of science as a dramatic character. M. Lauret writes of the Prussian poet-patriot von Kleist and his decadent notions. Tschaikowsky is also shown in a bad light, as inflated with ambition, and as jealously unjust to such names as Beethoven and Wagner, by M. Gauthier-Villars. M. Charles Chassé's investigations into Mallarmé's career as "professeur d'anglais" make delightful reading. The poet seems to have been very incompetent, but, in his own way, extremely conscientious. The verdict of a pupil is given: "Le père Mallarmé, on ne fiche rien dans sa classe; pas étonnant, il écrit tout le temps pour des journaux de mode." Space forbids us to explain the grounds of this charge. As a specimen of Mallarmé's educational writings, the translation of "fell a rubbing" by "tomba un frottant" should suffice.

LA REVUE.

September 15.—An "enquête" on "le monde sans l'or," conducted by M. Finot, does not impress us very

much, except by the eminence of the contributors. The hypothesis is that the mediæval problem is about to be solved, and that it will be possible to manufacture gold; the general verdict is that it will make very little difference. Two great historical examples of platonic affection—Saint François de Sales and Jeanne de Chantal, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna—are treated by M. Faguet and M. Edouard Schuré respectively. M. Mikael Warandian waxes eloquent to the point of bombast on the Armenians as successful revolutionaries in Turkey, Russia, and Persia. M. de Tarlé discusses military service in Australia, and Mme. Marguerite Coleman gives an amusing account of "les clubs excentriques de Londres."

LA REVUE BLEUE.

September 7.—M. Werner Söderhjelm explains the Finnish grievance against Russia; the Finns are neither Russians nor Swedes; "chacun sait ici que notre culture dépend tout entière de notre indépendance politique," and Russia is trying to destroy both. M. Régis Michaud writes at length on Walter Pater. M. Jacques Lux reviews a translation of Mr. Churton Collins' book on Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu in England, and also the Comte d'Antioche's work on Chateaubriand as ambassador to this country. M. Cleray narrates the fortunes of the Chancellerie at its old home in the Place Vendôme, M. Albalat tells us how to read Bossuet, and M. Duboscq discusses the results for France of the Tripoli campaign.

September 14.—Madame de Bovet knocks to pieces a dictum of Nietzsche's against learning foreign languages. M. Sanzède gives the history of the hospitality which the University of Grenoble has extended to foreign students. The souvenirs of de Pastoret conclude with some vivid pictures of the débâcle of 1812, and with some naive reflexions on the ingratitude of, for instance, the Prussians. M. J. Giraud recounts Musset's protests against Thiers' press-law of 1835; they seem to illustrate the incapacity of inspired poets for effective satire. M. Lucien Maury discusses Wagner's Memoirs.

September 21.—M. Paul Flat has a turn at Wagner, his theme being the insincerity of formal memoirs. In this and the following numbers chapters are given of M. Romain Rolland's impending tenth volume of "Jean Christophe." M. Lémonon considers the Mediterranean situation; he enumerates the factors that excuse Mr. Churchill's move, and believes in "l'effort militaire considérable qu'a fait et que fait chaque jour l'Angleterre," whereby her land forces will soon offer a *quid pro quo* for French naval co-operation. M. Henri Jacoubet begins some "Notes d'un Passant" in the Far East. M. Jacques Gautier sees in the recent Congress of Moral Education at The Hague the beginnings of an understanding between the representatives of religious and secular education.

September 28.—Letters of Goethe to his young admirer and interpreter, Carlyle, are given. They illustrate the "grand seigneur," and contain an amusing passage, very much in the style of a tourist agency,

recommending Gotha as an educational centre for the English "young person." A misprint that seems to reveal a futurist compositor tells us that "l'intérêt suprême pour l'homme c'est en définitive l'ohhme." M. de Lada introduces the Polish dramatist, Stanislas Wyspianski, who is in course of being translated. M. Charles Bernard talks about Giotto, St. Francis, and Assisi. M. Dumont-Wilden points out the danger to French culture of a Walloon separatist movement in Belgium.

L'ACTION NATIONALE.

In the September number General Lebas concludes his reflections on the command of the French Army, M. Jèze answers M. Guyot and defends Italian national insurance, and M. Paul Louis makes out a terrible indictment against home industries. M. Norel deprecates the insufficient testing in the recent manoeuvres of submarines, an arm of warfare which, he thinks, will dominate the future; in another place he ridicules the Franco-Russian naval convention. M. Auge-Laribé estimates that French agriculture is holding its own, and, with adaptations, will continue its sound and beneficial career. M. Leroy begins a historical sketch of internationalism.

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

September 7.—M. Maspero partly reviews and partly uses as a peg for his own theories Herr Kurt Sethe's account of the myth of the eyes of the Sun, and Dr. Boeser's contribution to the Egyptology of the Leyden Museum: "Quand on a vécu longtemps en Egypte," certain things are more easily explained. M. Plattard reviews M. Oulmont's "Pierre Gringore," who seems to have really been a very "bourgeois" poet. M. de Curzon praises M. Pichon's "Fra Angelico," lately noticed in THE ACADEMY.

September 14.—M. G. Maspero's contribution deals in the most complimentary fashion with the Theban excavations of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter. M. Jean Maspero reviews Mr. Quibell's "Excavations at Saggara." M. Biovès considers that M. Raymond Guyot, in his big work on the Foreign Policy of the Directory, has not refuted Sorel nor justified the Directors.

September 21.—M. Maspero notices, among other works, M. Raymond Weill's "Décrets Royaux de l'Ancien Empire Egyptien," and Herr Junker's account of excavations at Tourah—"un début des fouilles autrichiennes en Egypte et un début particulièrement heureux."

September 28.—M. Fossey reviews books on Oriental religions, among them M. Nils Nilsson's study of Ishtar-worship. This and the first volume of M. Waddington's "History of Prussia," which is discussed by "R," have been noticed in THE ACADEMY. "R." also notices the eighteenth volume of "Instructions aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France"; while "E." deals severely with M. Baudrillart's "Histoire de France," written from a Catholic standpoint.

Art and Life—II

LET us take a glance at what we know of Life, so far as the human brain has been able to tear aside the veil. First let us put aside religion and morals, with which we are wont to befog our concept of life—for religion, when all's said, from a workaday point of view, is the rough and ready compromise between the general concept of conduct of an age on the one hand and a vague following of the ideals of some great founder of conduct on the other. For instance, the white Western peoples affect Christianity, but they are torn with wrangles as to what each man considers to be Christianity, whilst in the bulk they set up a rude law of conduct which is often wholly inimical to the basic ideal of their Teacher—let us take the business community which is concerned from morning to night with profit by usury, with screwing down one neighbour to part with what he has at the lowest price, so that they may sell to another neighbour at the highest price they can compel upon him; here we have the commerce of the people absolutely opposed to the ordering of Christ, who bitterly assailed usury! And so with all religions. Morals again vary from generation to generation, and from people to people. Therefore let us try to see what is known of life by us to-day so far as it can be said to be generally accepted by all civilised folk, whatever their nationality, creed, or codes. Put roughly, and rid of all bias of religion, morals, systems and the rest of it, the general concept of Life, so far as we know of it, runs somewhat thus:

Whence Life comes, whither it goes, these remain the eternal mystery; but that it exists, and that *it has increased in fulness*, we know. At the back of all, away in the myriads of years, this mystic thing that we call Life essayed from the first to find the fittest lamp in which the flame may burn. Life essayed to fulfil itself in crystals. Baulked by the rigidity of rocks, it dived into the ooze, at first attached to a spot, slowly freeing itself into moving things. Baulked by the waters, it advanced from the fish in the seas to the reptile that could move on sea or land; and for æons, in the forms of mighty reptiles, it sought a wider fulfilment; baulked again, it evolved for itself the forms that could fly in the air, and from the great flying pterodactyl it took to itself the feathered flight of birds. Baulked again, but in each endeavour finding ever fuller and higher forms, it evolved for itself the forms of animals, essayed fleetness, power, strength, bulk, ferocity; built for itself the great forms of lithe cats and essayed to fulfil itself in the brutal ferocity of lions. Baulked again, life turned and sought fuller intelligence in the agile bodies of apes. At last, out of the mystic way, the eager life that is at the core of all existing things, evolving from stage to stage, and, in order further to fulfil itself, requiring to create for itself a more perfect lamp in which to flame, finds its supreme habitation in a wondering creature that drops from its ape-like habits in the trees and with ungainly straddle on the firm earth, takes its upright stand upon tentative hind legs—falteringly, hesitatingly, ready to drop on all fours at a stumble, bodying itself forth as

Man, the Thinking Thing! Life's cunning, with increase of cunning, notes the hand's use and the value of that wondrous thumb that is on the hand—to grip, to throw, to hold. That Cunning, that is become reason in this blinking thing that thinks! That Thumb that, with the brain's cunning for guidance, is to chip tools and weapons from the flint, and give confidence to this otherwise defenceless being and lead him from his lair in the thicket and the cave out into the open strife that, for the body's sustenance and welfare, with pitfall and with gin, is to put to naught the lion's strength, the wolf's tooth, the wild-boar's fury, so that he shall wrap the skins of these powerful brutes about him against the frost's nipping cold, and use their hides to save his feet from wounds; that is to strike fire from the chill flint and bring warmth in the chattering winter, and give rise to the potter's art whereby also the earth's metals shall yield their ductile strength to his further enfranchisement; that is to break the dog and the horse to his bidding, and gather together flocks and herds that he may roam the pastures of the world; and, the wander-years being done, that is to fashion the plough whereby he shall settle on the land, and till the ruddy earth, and gather in the harvest to his body's use; that is to invent the distaff and the spinning-wheel to the weaving of cloth; that is to achieve the making of the fisher's net; that is to make the vast wide world tributary to him—the elements and the brutes, the valley and the plain and rock and stream and the raging seas, so that the exquisite eye of man shall see the stars a myriad leagues beyond the eagle's ken, his skill of transit make the swiftness of antelopes a sluggard's pace, his calculating hand cage the strength of many horses in the machinery's intricacies.

Now, mark this well! Life evolves; creating for its increase of fulfilment always a higher type. At the same time, it persists in all its earliest forms, the types degrading as they fall away from forward endeavour, and becoming subject to the higher types.

Mark well also another fact. Man, the thinking thing, from his lair in cave and thicket, increases his strength in the close-knit brotherhood of the clan. He foregathers in the valley Councils; thence makes fellowship in the village, uniting his strength with the skill and strength of others, until he that has the potter's skill barter his skill with him who has skill in battle; and he that has the builder's skill barter with these and with him that has the metal-worker's skill; and thus and so the trades and crafts arose to the mutual strengthening of the people; and power and increase of fulness of life, passing from the wild fellow of the cavern and the lake to the wandering tribe, passed therefrom to the settled village, and from them that made their narrow habitations in villages to them that foregathered within the stout walls of the populous city—from the city to the state, that crumbled the city's walls, grown inadequate against the power of states; from the state to the mighty races that are fenced about to their uttermost frontiers solely by the vast bulwarks of their daring spirits.

Now let us note well, as we go, as life fulfils itself

towards fuller power and experience as it pushes forward, that the simple speech of grunts that was the stammering intercourse of the naked thing which, with low frowning brow, brooded upon but the scant desires and mean wants of his narrow cave, yielded a larger converse that demanded a fuller range of words at the valley's gatherings; speech that in turn acquired a fuller gamut in the village's debate; this in its turn brought forth the richer communion of the orchestral city's multitudinous voice; which by turn passed into the twilight of dead discarded things, giving birth to the wider accents of the state; until even the language of the state, grown parochial, fades and slowly dies, and in dying gives place to the deep august, far-reaching communion of the race.

Grasping this rough tangle through which life has developed the body in which it shall fulfil itself to the uttermost, so far as it has developed, let us next seek the means by which, through the human, it has achieved the fulness. It is clear that in evolving man as its supreme lamp in which to flame, life in man has thereby arrived above the brutes by some faculty that is denied to the brutes. That faculty is as clearly *the power to commune with the intelligence of one's fellows, and to become partakers in their intelligence.* Obviously, this faculty of intelligent communion is, next to life itself, the most important and significant factor in the life of man. In what manner has it been granted to us so to commune with our fellows? On the answer depends our significance, as men above the brutes; and the answer is clear. We are granted the power to exchange our intelligence by two means: we can exchange our *thoughts* and we can exchange our *feelings*. Speech is the means whereby we exchange our thoughts, or, if you will, the means whereby we exchange our reasons. Art is the means whereby we exchange our feelings—the means whereby we pour into the sensing of our fellow-men that which we have sensed. It may seem at first blush to the unthinking that speech is only a part of the communing of our sensing, but it is not so; it is only when speech is employed in such a way that it disregards reason and is compelled into such forms as to create illusion and so arouse our sensing that it becomes Art—or what we call the poetry of prose or verse.

HALDANE MACFALL

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

THERE has been a good deal of quiet sniping going on during the week about the recent Chinese loan in the shape of questions—all leading up to why the Government have acted as they did. It is clear that Edward Grey is very angry with Charles Birch Crisp; the Six-Power Group appear to have acted exactly like an Oxford moneylender, inasmuch as they attempted to treat the heathen Chinese like a simple undergraduate. Instead of lending him hard cash, they wanted to fob

off part of it in metaphorical bad cigars and worthless works of art. China knew her own business best, and, advised by Dr. Morrison, concluded a loan with the audacious young Crisp, who gave her hard cash untrammelled by onerous conditions. Questions have been answered acidly, and Ministers have done their best to queer Crisp's pitch by "bearing" his stock; I should not be at all surprised if one day soon we have a debate on the subject, when the whole story will be told, and I understand the Foreign Office will not come too well out of it.

William O'Brien, with that sprite-like spirit of mischief which sometimes possesses him, continued to make both the Government and the Nationalists sit up by an amendment on Wednesday to the effect that, if the Land Purchase scheme was not complete within three years after the passing of Home Rule, the Dublin Parliament might take it over. He declared that Gladstone had given a similar pledge in 1893.

Birrell jumped up at once. He could not accept the amendment, but he gave the sacred word of honour of the Government that they would not leave Land Purchase where it was, and he went on to say, in a remark which I think will be much quoted, that "Land Purchase was more important than Home Rule." Carson replied: When the Unionist Government agreed to lend 120 millions of money to Ireland, they did not anticipate Home Rule; 80 millions had been advanced; but, if Ireland wanted to manage her own affairs, why should she look to England to finance her? Both parties were pledged to Land Purchase, but that was so long as the countries were one.

Redmond was evidently alarmed; honestly it did not seem to have occurred to him. He was taken by surprise, and talked about this being a great Imperial policy; to suggest anything else was dishonourable and treacherous. Austen did not mince matters. As an Englishman, he was not at all sure he considered himself bound to the bargain when the conditions were so different; and in the end O'Brien withdrew his *petit ballon d'essai*.

The closure has a demoralising effect on the House, quite apart from the obvious disadvantages. When it is arranged that the guillotine falls at 7.30 and 10.30, members soon pick out the amendments which will last, and the bulk of them leave the Chamber and go about their business until quite close to the time when they think the division will be taken. An empty House is always discouraging, and the debate becomes mechanical.

The financial relations came up on Thursday, and Hayes Fisher—who, to our delight, is coming to the fore again—upset a lot of Radical Scotsmen by describing how Ireland might act if she were free to make her own fiscal arrangements. Gigantic Eugene Wason, Captain Pirie, and MacCallum Scott were all on their feet. They did not like the idea at all. With the mechanical gag on the House, their own gags have been removed; they are free to talk as much as they please—it leaves less time for Unionist criticism—and they

availed themselves of it, but in a way the Government did not like.

Birrell was not in command, so the Infant Samuel, smooth-lipped and calm, went on to the bridge. He said the powers under the Bill were very limited; if Ireland reduced taxation, she would lose by it. "Yes," said Bonar Law, "but if the Imperial Chancellor reduced the duty on tobacco and tea before the Irish Parliament reduced it, the British would lose by it, but the Irish Exchequer would not be a penny the worse." This rather gravelled Samuel, but he got a large mechanical majority, who had not the faintest idea what it was all about.

On the question of the Post Office, the policy of the Unionists was further developed by Carson. In effect, he said, we do not mind losing money in Ireland when she is a part of the whole: because it was only right that the richer partner should contribute to the poorer. Bonar Law subscribed to the same doctrine; the moment Ireland chose to set herself up as practically an independent kingdom or colony, from that moment, without any spirit of revenge, but simply on the principle that our first duty was to our own people, the Unionists would put their own interests first, and money would be spent on Ireland afterwards.

"What becomes of Colonial preference?" sneered Churchill. "We intend to treat the Colonies," was the reply, "better than we treat any foreign country, but we do not intend to treat them as we treat ourselves. They do not do it to us, or expect it. Ireland cannot have it both ways"; and he ended by saying he thought the division of the Post Office a grave danger in case of war.

Friday is rapidly becoming what hunting men call a "bye-day." We have Home Rule all the week, and on Fridays oddments. Last Friday we had the Foot and Mouth Disease in Ireland. The veteran Squire of Blankney moved that the matter be considered, and it was—all the afternoon. The Irish naturally want the embargo removed, and declare that all risk of infection is over; moreover, it is causing enormous loss to the Irish cattle trade. T. W. Russell and Runciman vigorously defended the action of their respective departments, and promised to relax the operations of the order directly they could see their way to do so.

There was something more than a ripple on the placid waters of the debate at one time. T. W. Russell, with champing bit, complained of the action of some Unionist members in spreading rumours which had the effect of poisoning the public mind against the Irish Department, and pointedly referred to a question Lord Balcarras had put in the summer. The usually calm Unionist Whip was on his feet in an instant—in fact, I feared he was going to vault the table. He described it as a gross personal attack, of a most unjustifiable character, of which he had had no notice; he denied it *in toto*, and challenged the Right Hon. T. W. to quote his words. T. W. shrank from his square-shouldered opponent, and at once withdrew everything.

The motion was talked out. It is true it had been considered, but that was about all.

Monday was a dullish day. The Premier, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Long were welcomed back to their places. The latter would have received cheers from all parts of the House after his Canadian tour if he had not quietly slipped in when Bonar Law was speaking. At question time Asquith denied that he said "my" Government in his telephone dispatch—the words were "His Majesty's" Government, and it was a mistake by somebody else that it appeared otherwise.

The first amendment was to omit the control of the Protestant Universities from the Home Rule Government. Birrell was at first inclined to refuse, under the searching criticism of James Campbell; but Mr. Redmond unexpectedly gave way, saying testily, "If any body of his countrymen said they really wanted these safeguards, in God's name let them have them." Upon this, Birrell also abandoned the position; but William Moore chaffed him so much at being so obviously under the thumb of the Dictator that he sulkily said, "It does not encourage the Government to grant concessions if this is the spirit in which they are received."

Sydney Goldman, the little member for Falmouth, immersed in matters of big finance in the City, always finds time to study carefully and to consider his agenda-paper, and from time to time puts down questions or motions which have real substance in them. This afternoon he started what, in Committee language, is called a "runner," which ran for the rest of the evening; it was briefly to the effect that labour legislation should be removed from the purview of the Dublin House of Commons. He made an interesting speech, which was replied to by Ramsay MacDonald. The Labour leader, as usual, meekly supported the Government. This brought Mr. Balfour to his feet; time was, when the new Labour men came into the House in 1906, that they were very rude to the ex-Tory leader. When they heard his deliberate and hesitating method of speech—often retracing his steps two or even three times to get the exact word to express his shade of meaning—they looked at each other and said, "Is this the great Mr. Balfour? Why, he can't speak for nuts!" They howled him down with contemptuous unparliamentary cries; but they know better now. His gentle manner, the light, graceful touch of his epigram, and the ingenuity of his arguments charmed them as he captured the older members long ago. One shrewd observer whispered to me, "They take from Balfour what they would not take from Bonar Law." Mr. Balfour, in a searching analysis, tied the Labour men up in a knot. Home Rule has been declared to be the model on which a far larger and more comprehensive scheme of delegation is to be founded. He quoted Winston's idea of Home Rule for Lancashire, Yorkshire, and London—was there to be separate Labour legislation for these places also? Were the peasant farmers of Ireland competent to deal with complex industrial questions that would arise in Belfast? He received unexpected support from Chiozza Money, who lectured the House in his usual pedantic manner. Ireland was admittedly behind England in its ideas of industrial legislation, and, although he was an out-and-

out Home Ruler, he implored the Government not to set the clock back.

The Government went to a division, and the Labour men once more sold their friends and voted with the majority.

After 11 the House was switched on to discuss the validity of certain marriages in Japan; but, as that did not interest me, I went home, "and so to bed," as Pepys says.

One of the greatest impostures of the Nationalist Party is their pretended devotion to their native language, Gaelic. On Tuesday we put down an amendment to the effect that English should be the official language. Ian Malcolm, a curly-headed Celt himself, reminded the House of previous movements in Ireland to force Celtic to the front, and "thus sever the last link between Ireland and England." The last links, by the way, are legion. The amendment was more serious than it appeared, for the Irish have more than once, in the past, slipped in a stipulation that ignorance of the Irish language would be a bar to this or that public office: a slim habit adopted by the Boers with far more justification, since the native Taal is largely spoken, whilst Gaelic is used very little; John Redmond himself cannot speak it. "Tay Pay" amused the house by reciting twenty words, but candidly admitted that the language of Shakespeare was good enough for him.

Birrell was in his element—he joked about it and played around it—in fact, he "birrelled" for all he was worth. Bonar Law pointed out what a powerful political weapon could be forged by these means if there was no such safeguard, but the Government would have none of it, and, when the chopper fell, a majority of 109 declared that the Irish could bar English altogether if they liked.

After that we sat up to a late hour, discussing the Expiring Laws Continuance Act—a subject always rich in debate for those who do not want to go to bed and wish to keep others up.

Notes and News

Mrs. Walford, the well-known novelist, has written her "Memories of Victorian London," and the book will be published next week by Mr. Arnold.

A new novel by Mr. James Lane Allen will be published in November by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It will have as title "The Heroine in Bronze," and is a love story of modern New York.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication a new work by Mr. Harold M. Wiener, M.A., LL.B., entitled "Pentateuchal Studies." This book is a sequel to "Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism."

The Year-Book Press will publish shortly a volume of fairy tales by Margaret Gibbons, entitled "Good Night Stories." The book will be issued in crown 4to, with charming illustrations, by Gladys Thompson and Beryl Reid.

This week Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish a new book by Mr. Hugh Stokes, entitled "A Prince of Pleasure," being the life of Philip of France, together with an account of his Court, 1640–1701; and within the next fortnight Mr. W. L. George's new book, "Woman and To-morrow."

Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, will publish at the end of the month an important contribution to Syriac and Folk-lore literature by the Rev. Dr. Hermann Gollancz. It is called "The Book of Protection"—a collection of Syriac charms and incantations in the original, with translation, introduction and notes.

"The International Whitaker," a new departure, gives a graphic and succinct account of every country in the world, and concerning every nation there is a mass of detail in a handy and convenient form, such as has never before been presented in a single volume. The book is to be published early in December; and its price, in cloth binding, is two shillings net.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus hope to publish this week "The Poem Book of the Gael," selected and edited by Miss Eleanor Hull, containing verse-translations of Irish Gaelic poetry of all periods. Another book to be expected from the same publishers is Mr. Edward McCurdy's collection of critical and historical papers entitled "Essays in Fresco"—studies of men and books, with a few impressions of travel.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are bringing out at once a novel by Mark Allerton, entitled "Let Justice be Done"; the story of a Chief Justice who kills a scoundrel to save his son from dishonour, and eventually finds himself trying at Old Bailey another man who is accused of this crime. There is a description of a national strike which is a grim commentary on the prevalent industrial unrest.

"The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or, the Mind in Health and Disease," by William S. Sadler, M.D., will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. The author approaches the subject from the standpoint of the physiologist and separates its study from association, not with religion as a state of mind, but with any and all particular systems, sects, or forms of religious belief.

Mr. Murray is able at last to announce the early publication of the important new addition, in three volumes, of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in North Italy." The work, which was entrusted to Dr. Tancred Borenius, while carefully preserving the essential and detailed information of the original authors, is supplemented with notes containing the new facts which have been brought to light in recent years.

South America will not for long be among the few countries unrepresented in Black's series of colour-books. A volume has been written by Mr. W. H. Koebel and illustrated by Mr. A. S. Forrest which will be published immediately. Mr. Koebel is a well-known authority on matters South American, and he has described in an attractive and entertaining style the republics of the Continent topographically, historically, and socially.

The first and second numbers of a new weekly paper, "Machinery," of value to all engineers and power-users, have just appeared. The paper is likely to be a success;

its technical articles are excellent, and its practical hints—such as the admirable "Don'ts for Draughtsmen"—are a good feature. Messrs. Bonner and Co., of the Chancery Lane Press, are to be congratulated upon the high quality of printing shown in these issues—which are plentifully illustrated.

Those who are following with attention the startling course of events in the Near East will find of use two books which have been published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. "Servia of the Servians," by M. Chedo Mijatovich, formerly Servian Minister at the Court of St. James's, is an intimate account of the Servian people; and "Turkey of the Ottomans," which is also one of the volumes in the "Countries and Peoples Series," is the work of Miss L. M. J. Garnett, a writer of note on Eastern subjects.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish immediately "The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter," by Mr. James Sutherland. The author holds the world's record in the branch of sport with which his book is concerned, and in this volume he has made a selection from his experiences for the ordinary reader, who knows little of the technicalities of big-game hunting. The stories are in every case absolutely faithful records of facts, elaborated from rough notes made within a day or two of the actual occurrence of the events.

The Pioneer Players open early in November with "The Good Hope," a play in four acts by the Dutch dramatist Heijermans, in the English translation of Christopher St. John. This will be followed by the production of three new one-act plays, one by Harold Chapin, "The Thumbscrew," by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, and "Honour Thy Father," by H. M. Harwood. Later in the season a new three-act play by Cicely Hamilton, a play by a new Irish author, and a play by Mr. W. B. Yeats, new to London, will be presented.

The inaugural meeting of the eighteenth session of the Library Assistants' Association was held on Wednesday, October 16th, when the Worshipful Master of the Stationers' Company, G. E. Briscoe Eyre, Esq., presided, and the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, delivered the inaugural address, in which he deprecated the lack of appreciation the general public showed for good literature. About 70 members and friends attended, and during the spirited discussion which followed the Dean's address several speakers took a more hopeful view of the people's reading propensities.

Miss Gabrielle Festing, author of "From the Land of Princes," "On the Distaff Side," etc., has now written a History of India from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the eighteenth century, which Messrs. Blackwood are publishing this week, at 7s. 6d. net, under the title of "When Kings Rode to Delhi." The publishers claim for the book an interest far exceeding that of most fiction. On the same day Messrs. Blackwood issue in book form the stories and pen-sketches which have been appearing in "Blackwood's" and other magazines, at the price of 6s., under the title of "Pike and Carronade."

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE MODERN CAMP-FOLLOWER.

October 23.

IN spite of the elaborate arrangements made by the daily Press, with a view to describing the campaign in the Near East, little news of real importance has been allowed to reach this country. For the most part, the dispatches of the correspondents have consisted of picturesque descriptions of scenes to be witnessed in towns almost as far from the front as Liverpool is from London, not unmingled with those rumours of overwhelming victory which, in time of war, invariably originate in the café or the market-place. Up to the present not a single newspaper representative, with the exception of Captain Butler, who, on behalf of the *Daily Mail*, accompanies the Greek forces, has succeeded in reaching the actual area of operations. The Bulgarian and Servian regulations in regard to correspondents are far more severe than those adopted by either combatant in the Russo-Japanese War. In the case of Bulgaria the authorities have announced that any individual attempting to evade the censorship will be subjected to trial by court-martial; while the Servian Government has declared that correspondents who proceed into neutral territory for the purpose of availing themselves of an uncensored wire will not be allowed to re-enter the country. On the Turkish side we find that the correspondents and attachés are still detained at Constantinople, and are told that, when they accompany the headquarters staff to the scene of operations, they are to be kept under strict surveillance. Not only are telegrams arriving from all parts of the theatre of war hopelessly mutilated, but, as a re-insurance against risk of leakage, they are invariably delayed, in some instances as much as several days.

That the authorities are thoroughly justified in taking extraordinary measures to mask the movements of armies is beyond question. Daily in London the staffs of the various Legations representing the belligerent States search the Press for information likely to be useful to their Governments, and an indiscreet item telegraphed from one point in the Near East may within a few hours of its publication in London become common property throughout the theatre of war. The Servian Government was led to adopt stringent regulations only after a glaring instance, illustrating the danger of leniency, had occurred. A correspondent crossed the Danube into Hungary, and, taking advantage of neutral wires, promptly proceeded to telegraph the plans of the Servian War Ministry, including the movements and destinations of the various armies in the field. The journal which he represented, obviously delighted at his enterprise, gave prominence to the dispatch, and, a few days later, in publishing a further telegram, pompously announced that its contents proved that the

armies were moving in accordance with the plans of the War Ministry which had previously been set forth in its columns. Then, in Bulgaria, another correspondent, whose enterprise was greater than his discretion, tore himself away from the bonds of restraint and made a dash for the front in a motor-car. After eluding at one place an armed guard which was placed outside the hotel where he was refreshing himself, he continued his journey until he actually got so near the front that he heard guns booming in the distance. Thereupon he penned a vivid dispatch, in the course of which he imparted to the British public his chauffeur's information that the pass over which he traversed was usually haunted with wolves and bears. Fortunately he did not meet with any of these wild beasts, and was able to give to the world an account of this circumstance. It only remains to be added that this adventurous individual is back at Sofia, safe and sound in wind and limb, and at Sofia he is likely to remain, beyond hearing distance of the booming of those terrible guns!

When the lives of thousands of brave men are at stake, it is altogether inconceivable that the authorities should be hampered by the eccentric antics of excitable scribblers. A modest estimate places the number of correspondents in the Near East at something like two hundred. A special train was requisitioned to convey no fewer than eighty of these men to Stara Zagora, representing every nationality and speaking diverse tongues. The *Times* correspondent writes that their arrival provided "the only ripple of excitement which has disturbed the air of absolute peacefulness in this quiet town." And he adds despairingly: "What will become of them all, as many of them are quite unprepared for campaigning, except in a train or taxicab, is still the secret of the authorities." He goes on to say that the weather continues to be perfect, with brilliant sunshine, and warm as in an early English September. One cannot help reflecting that this last circumstance is particularly fortunate. Stara Zagora, after all, will seem like home.

So far we have dealt only with the motley throng of correspondents. Some mention must be made of the battalions or corps of photographers and cinematograph operators who have thronged to the scene in large numbers, anxious to secure thrilling illustrations for the readers of the halfpenny picture-papers and the crowds who nightly fill the picture-palaces of Balham, Tooting, and elsewhere. With these latter, the army of modern camp-followers is completed—"followers" is indeed the correct term for such a strange assortment of commercial travellers, who are always going to the front and who never get there, passing over newly made battlefields, meeting the wounded returning, and ever and anon hearing the booming of guns away in the distance. The thought instantly flashes across the mind: How would Napoleon or Wellington have treated such pedlars in news and pictures? And the question is not difficult to answer.

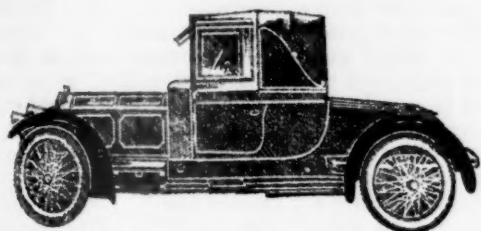
MOTORING

THE unequal, not to say erratic, manner in which the Motor Car Acts are administered in different parts of the country has at last led to the issue by the Home Office of a circular designed to introduce some degree of uniformity into conflicting decisions. In the document it is pointed out that, occasionally at any rate, hardened and deliberate offenders are treated leniently, while trivial and first offences are sometimes punished with unnecessary severity. As a matter of fact, from the inception of the Motor Car Acts the unequal sentences passed by different benches upon motorist for similar offences have constituted occasionally a cause for comment, and the attitude of the respective magistrates towards the motoring movement is not always clear. As the circular in question merely expresses Mr. McKenna's "opinion" as to the nature of the penalties which should be inflicted for various offences, it will not, perhaps, have much effect. So long as the range of penalties imposable at the discretion of a bench for a specific offence is so wide, so long will the administration of justice to motorists be a matter which demands an unusual amount of patient investigation.

What would have been the most interesting sporting event in the motoring world this year—a level race between a Vauxhall and a Sunbeam of similar power—has, we regret to say, fallen through. The past season has been noteworthy for the keen and persistent rivalry between these famous British cars, first one and then the other setting up world's records, only to be promptly demolished by its rival. It is probably known to most motorists that a week or two ago Mr. Gordon Watney offered a prize of £100 for a ten-lap race between the 2,983 c.c. Vauxhall and the 2,996 c.c. Sunbeam, on the Brooklands track. In view of Resta's recent performance with the latter car at Brooklands, the suggested match on level terms would have been *the* motoring event of the year, but we are informed that the directors of the Sunbeam Company have finally decided not to accept Mr. Watney's proposal. No doubt the Vauxhall people think they are wise in their generation.

Messrs. Barimar, Ltd., of Poland Street, London, W., send us for notice a copy of a booklet descriptive of the Frankonia mudguard, of which they are the sole concessionaires in this country. Many of our motoring readers must be familiar with the design of this handsome and really effective car-protector, which increases in popularity every year, and is now to be seen as a regular fitment of most of our highest-class automobiles. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with it, it may be said that it is dome-shaped, and is stamped in one piece from a high-grade steel plate, the edges being wired and swaged to make rattling impossible. The car fitted with Frankonias practically never requires cleaning, no matter how muddy the roads may be, while on the score of appearance alone these guards are well

worth the small increase in initial cost over that of the ordinary flat or "lipped" sheet-iron mudguard. We recommend those motorists who attach importance to the cleanliness and appearance of their cars to write Messrs. Barimar (Dept. A.B.) for a copy of the booklet referred to. It shows clearly the great advantages of Frankonias over any other existing type of mudguard. The illustration herewith depicts a Rolls-Royce equipped with them.



The many friends and well-wishers of Mr. Stenson Cooke, the secretary and leading spirit of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, will be pleased to hear that he is recovering, although slowly, from the effects of his accident a month or so ago. What the A.A. and M.U. would do without the energetic and ubiquitous "S. C." to superintend its far-flung organisation and manifold activities it is difficult to imagine.

The reputation abroad of the British flying machine appears to grow apace. It was announced the other day by Sir George White, chairman of the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, of Bristol, that the Italian Government have just ordered 28 "Bristol" monoplanes of the military type, at a cost of over £30,000. It is true that the machines are to be built in Italy, but their construction and manufacture will be carried out under the supervision of the experts of the British company referred to.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE great slump on the war news which engulfed the world of speculation was followed by a curious recovery—peculiarly interesting because I do not think that ever before has the small man come in and supported a market. The moment the war news became known every stockbroker told his gambling clients that they must close their accounts. He had no choice. And the accounts were closed. Big finance houses turned as much of their paper into cash as they dare. Prices fell all over the world. But the world is prosperous—it has made money. It does not know anything about war, and as prices fell so it bought. Not only in England, but in Paris where the little rentier came along to the *guichets* and bought. In Russia the slump caused a feeling of intense indignation and Paris was blamed. The whole phenomenon was curious. There was the big man getting out regardless of loss, and the little men coming in. The question may be asked: Who is right? I cannot hesitate as to the answer—the big men were right and the

little men, as always, were wrong. War is a terrible thing—as bad in its immediate effects as in its after results. It destroys credit—it makes paper worthless. Therefore the only thing that tells is hard cash, and this the little man exchanged for shares which he thought were cheap. But were they? Time will show.

The promoter has made his arrangements, some of which he cannot break. Therefore we shall see a few companies launched during the next few months. But they will be few and they will not be successful. Mr. Arthur Du Cros and his group have asked the public to give them over £300,000 for the Clyde-Aboyne Estates—capitalised at something over £28,000 in Ceylon. The planters of this island know their tea and rubber, and they are rich. They would hardly allow an estate of 1,200 acres to be going a-begging if it were worth £310,000. No working capital is provided, and the whole promotion is negligible. Even the amiable *Statist* cannot speak with the patience that befits its age.

There seems to be no end to Canadian ventures. The South Ontario Land is the latest land company which the long suffering public is asked to subscribe for. It comes from 3, Lombard Street, whence some other audacious schemes have been launched. My readers should leave it alone.

MONEY can hardly be called plentiful. I notice some people think that the Bank of England should not have put up its rate. I do not understand their arguments. The whole of the Near East is at war. The Bank of France has raised its rate. Trade is booming all over the world. Harvests are magnificent. Everybody wants money. There was never a time when we needed to keep our money at home more urgently. And we can only do this by raising our rates. We all hope that we shall not have to pay six per cent. But that will assuredly be the price charged by the Bank of England if the war continues.

HOME RAILS interest nobody to-day. Towards the end of the year when the traffic figures begin to bulk large a few buyers will be tempted by the large increases and the small investor will pick up gilt-edged stocks to pay him five per cent. The big buyer is afraid of the Government. He thinks that it does not mean to keep its pledge to the railway directors. In Scotland an agitation is on foot to force the leading railways to put up both goods and passenger rates. Goods rates they cannot move without the consent of Parliament. Passenger rates are low, but Scotland says she will not travel at all if she cannot travel cheap. Passenger rates have risen all over England, and the effect will be seen in the accounts. But north of the Tweed no attempt has been made to advance fares. Metropolitans are deadly weak. The "bull" account here is being disposed of in summary style. When it has gone we may get another rise. The cheap things to buy to-day are Great Central '89 Prefs.

YANKEES have not been able to stand up against the tide of selling that has come from Berlin. The big bankers took many millions of stock in the slump, but they did not exhaust the sellers. To-day those who must get out have to be content with low prices. Clearly the great houses in Wall Street foresee lower levels and dearer money. They stand on one side. Perhaps their portfolios are full. They have to finance the huge crops as well as the railways, and the task grows bigger each year. The Louisville report is good. This line has made big progress. Atchison is doing well, Chesapeakes also. Indeed, all the companies have not only a big trade to carry, but they have big prospects in front of them. Canadian Pacifics are very weak. The news that the proposed new issue of shares is not the issue for which consent was asked of the Government, but will be made under a forgotten clause which allows the Canadian Pacific to issue common stock in lieu of debentures, has upset everybody both in Berlin and in Montreal. The C.P.R. is so prosperous that it dare not pay more than 10 per cent.

dividend. Therefore it goes on watering its capital and giving shareholders huge bonuses instead of dividends. But surely an end will be reached to this very unsound finance one day. Yet Canada is so prosperous and the C.P.R. so powerful and well managed that it is not safe to prophesy disaster. We have done it so often and have always been proved wrong by the extraordinary growth of the country and the astute management of the Railway. But, as I say, Montreal is aghast at the proposal.

RUBBER remains dull. The little buying and selling does not affect prices. The "bulls" dare not make another raid, for they had a nasty experience the last time they tried to put up prices. They found hundreds of small sellers anxious to realise, and they had some difficulty in getting out without loss. Indeed, they possibly hold many more of the cheap shares than they like. All the reports that come out are colourless. Sumatra Para and United Sumatra have held their own and show small increases. But Tebrau, an Edinburgh company, did not do well.

OIL.—At last the great Gadjinsky property in the island of Cheleken is registered, and will presumably be floated for a huge sum, just about double what it is worth. Mr. Boxall, of Premier Pipe, will join the board of the Galician Oil Trust as chairman, and this will thus fight alongside Premier and the Deutsche Erdol against the big Imperial Petroleum that is to smash Standard Oil. We shall see some fun here. Urals have, it is said, come to terms with the Government over the concession which has now expired, and they will take up about 6,000 claims. The Diaz outbreak in Mexico will not help Mexican Eagle unless the nephew of the late President is successful. The oil market is very dull. Spies look cheap, but no bull has the heart to buy anything. Not even the really useful news from Maikop has been able to put heart into the dealers in oil shares.

MINES interest no one. Paris sells on every chance and London will not buy. As for Kaffirs and Rhodesians, they are dead. It seems the moment to pick up a few of the best Kaffirs because the big houses are now really determined to crush only the rich ore and take the values regardless of working costs. This is the true theory of mining, though few people believe it. Copper shares could not withstand the war scare. The dividend on Amalgamated rose as I expected, but it had no effect. Yet copper will recover, for the position is sound. There is some talk of a shareholders' meeting in Akwara, that foolish trust floated by the Nassarawa crowd. I wish the agitation success, but I am afraid they are up against a tricky combination.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are almost as dull as the rest of the Stock Exchange. Electrics keep firm as the story of the big combine grows and grows. But P. and O. are now reduced to a very modest figure, and each week wilder tales are told, none of which help the "bulls." Marconis are sure to have been helped by the foolish management of the debate, and the contract is as good as signed. The tactics of the Government were good. Those of the Archer-Shee and Lansbury crowd bad as bad could be. It is a pity, as it may encourage more to buy Marconis and lose their money.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"BACON IS SHAKESPEARE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A friend of mine some years ago pointed out to me that the words "shake" and "spear" were to be found in the forty-sixth Psalm, the first the forty-sixth word from the beginning, the other forty-sixth from the end, and laughingly spoke of it as being, according to

Baconian methods, a proof that Shakespeare was the author of the Psalms. I am ignorant of what value or mystery there may be in the number forty-six, and I cannot imagine the object of counting the position of the letters in the alphabet that form the name Bacon. Andrew Lang, in an essay on "The Shakespeare-Bacon Embroglio," quotes someone—he calls him a sage—as saying "There are foolisher fellows than the Baconians, those who argue against them," and adds, "The Baconian creed, of course, is scouted equally by special students of Bacon, special students of Shakespeare, and by almost all persons who devote themselves to sound literature." The writer of a letter in THE ACADEMY two weeks ago alludes to the "gentle Shakespeare" as a drunken, illiterate clown. I protest against such a piece of foul-mouthed fanatical folly. An illiterate clown could not have taken part in those wit combats at the "Mermaid," described by Fuller in his "Worthies of England," especially when his combatant was the formidable, rare Ben Jonson, who, besides writing the famous line, "He was not of an age, but for all time," also wrote of Shakespeare, "I loved the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any." Of an illiterate clown it could not be affirmed, as Hemminge and Condell write, "What he thought, he uttered with such easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Their object in collecting these papers was "to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." These extracts are from the dedication of the first folio. The prefatory verses include the splendid lines of Ben Jonson and those of Leonard Digger, who says, "This booke, While brasse and marble fade, will make thee looke Fresh to all ages." I prefer such sentiments—there are many more like them—to all that may emanate even from such an exalted region as Carlton House Terrace. I am, yours truly,

Peebles, N.B.

JAMES R. FERGUSON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your last issue Tom Jones furnishes some extracts from paraphrases of some of the Psalms which were written by Bacon on a bed of sickness a short time before his death. Tom Jones draws the deduction that, because these extracts were very poor stuff, Bacon could not have written the Shakespeare plays. Some of these paraphrases, however, are by no means devoid of merit. The fact is that it is no easy task to paraphrase the Psalms.

If there ever lived a man who might be expected to possess all the qualifications requisite for reproducing "the devout strains of Hebrew melody," that man was John Milton. Unfortunately for his poetical reputation, Milton attempted nineteen paraphrases of Psalms. Here are extracts from that of Psalm VII:—

Lord my God, to Thee I fly,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry;
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

* * *

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended.
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, His bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made He
For them to persecute.) Behold,
He travails big with vanity;
Trouble He hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

To apply the same argument it must be held to be impossible that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" or the lyrics in Comus.

But Shakespeare himself might confidently enter the lists in a competition for the worse verse. How would this, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," rank in competition with Bacon and Milton? :—

"When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye?"

Pope said that, as Shakespeare "has written better, so has he perhaps written worse than any other."

After these, the real force of any argument founded thereon must be held to be rather in favour of Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays than against. But really no reliable deduction can be drawn from such data.

11, Hart Street, W.C.,

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

October 16, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Tom Jones, asks for proof that Bacon assumed the pseudonym of Shakespeare. In a very large number of books of the period, upon page 53—frequently a false page 53—we find some reference to Bacon. In the first English edition of Bacon's "De Augmentis," called "The Advancement of Learning," we read upon page 55 (falsely numbered page 53), in the margin, in capital letters (almost the only capital letters in the margin of that book), "S. Fran. Bacon"; in Drayton's "Polyolbion," 1622, upon page 53, "Beconus"; in Florio's second "Frutes," upon page 53, "A slice of bacon"; and upon the next line, "gammon of bakon," to tell us that Bacon may be spelled in different ways. Now let us look at the first folio of Shakespeare's Plays. Upon the first page 53 we find "Hang hog is latten for Bacon." Upon the second page 53, "Gammon of Bacon." These are the two visible pillars (the "Booz and lacticin," if you will). The third example (the shibboleth) must be upon the invisible page 53—that is, upon page 53 from the end. There, upon page 53 from the end, as the 53rd from the commencement of a new scene, we find "Wilde-Boores." Bacon's crest was a wild boar. The word "Wilde-Boores" is lugged in by means of a ridiculous story of eight wilde-boores roasted whole as a breakfast for twelve persons. The folio is also signed by Bacon upon the first page and upon the last page, and in very numerous ways throughout the folio. But what your correspondent fails to perceive is that there was not, and that there could not be, any writer of the new English in the golden age of Elizabethan literature outside of the "Baconian net," because Bacon created the new English language. When, as a youth, he resolved to undertake that task, almost the only literary works in the English tongue were "The Schoolmaster," by Roger Ascham; "The Governor," by Sir Thos. Eliot; and "Arts of Rhetoric," by Thos. Wright. Ere he died he had made the English language the noblest vehicle of thought ever possessed by man by means of his translation of the Bible and his Shakespeare. Upon these two works every writer now confesses that our glorious English language depends. We are mourning the death of a great scholar of Chaucer. Why did not he tell us that our "Chaucer" is not the Chaucer of 1532, but the Chaucer re-Englished by Bacon in 1598, to which edition is prefixed a poem telling us the story? This poem is perhaps too long for your columns, but the essential part is :—

Reader :

"But who is he that hath these books repar'd,
And added more, whereby thou art more graced?"

Chaucer :

"The self-same man who hath no labor spar'd
To helpe what time and writers had defaced,
And made old words that were unknown of many
So plaine that now they may be known of any."

Watts, in his edition of "Don Quixote," is struck by the fact that Shelton is quite unknown, yet his translation (so called) is in the language of Shakespeare. Watts, however, fails to notice that Cervantes, in the prologue, says : "But I (though in shew a father, yet in truth but a step-father to Don Quixote)," which tells us quite plainly that Cervantes is not the "author"—the father—but only the step-father—the translator of "Don Quixote." Yours,

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.,

October 15, 1912.

"THE LOVE-SEEKER."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I agree with your critic that the sentences he quotes from my book, "The Love-Seeker," are ridiculous when thus misinterpreted. I stated that "the deepest of women's wrongs will never be altered by any political liberty, nor honours of citizenship," but what inconsistency is there between this and the belief that "some day the long-awaited feminist prophet will arise, bearing the golden gospel that is going to make a new heaven and a new earth for us"? Must the golden gospel, then, necessarily be political liberty? What a paltry, limited idea of a gospel! Your reviewer is evidently an ardent suffragist, to whom the vote is the panacea for all ills.

Similarly there seems no inconsistency between the two statements that men and women now meet on equal ground, and that engaged couples generally act and sham to each other. Cannot one act and sham to one's equals just as one's inferiors?

My book is concerned with a very serious subject, perhaps the most serious in the world, and I certainly took it extremely seriously. To accuse me of sharing his own levity on so grave a matter, merely on the ground of an alleged inconsistency which he entirely fails to prove, would seem to indicate that, to say the least of it, your reviewer is no sportsman!—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

MAUD CHURTON BRABY.

Holmwood, Hendon, N.W. October 6.

A mythical gospel in the dim and distant future is poor consolation for "wrongs" existing at the present time; for myself I should prefer something available here and now, although I cannot claim to be an "ardent suffragist," and have always opposed the franchise being extended to women.

I suppose Mrs. Braby would agree that a man and woman meeting "on equal ground, as friends," could not sham to one another, the very word friend forbidding such a contingency. Would it, then, not be probable, should this friendship ripen into something deeper, that the man and woman would prefer each other to remain the exact personalities they had learned to love, and not sham editions? In fact, would not an alteration such as Mrs. Braby suggests be a subject for ridicule, or, at any rate, of questioning, on the part of one or both of the lovers?

In conclusion, I can only regret that Mrs. Braby objects to my being entertained by her book.

THE REVIEWER.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The opening of a new gallery in Bond Street under the old name which is historical in connection with Bond Street shows a poverty in invention or an excess of

the audacious, and makes one wish for copyright in names.

The mention of the Grosvenor Gallery revives pleasant memories to those who were acquainted with the work of Sir Coutts Lindsay, which, if not so successful in the end as could have been wished, was great work, and left its mark on the nineteenth century.

To Sir Coutts Lindsay and the Grosvenor Gallery the country owes a debt of gratitude for the support given to the Sunday Opening movement in the days when the reformers were few and the Sabbatarians many. There are signs that the shilly-shally policy of the London County Council in connection with the Sunday Opening will lead to a reopening of the Sunday question, so that it may be of interest to recall the connection of the Grosvenor Gallery with the movement.

Not only was the Gallery open to the members of the Sunday Society, but to very large numbers of the public, who made written application for tickets. So great was the crowd attending that often there was a current of visitors passing from Bond Street into the Gallery and out by way of the exits at the back. The announcement of the first Sunday opening was made on July 10, 1878, in a letter by Lord Rosebery as president of the Society, the late Professor Corfield as chairman of committee, and myself as honorary secretary, and published in the *Times*.

It was at the Grosvenor Gallery, on May 7, 1892, under the presidency of Lord Brassey, that the Memorial to the Convocation of Canterbury was adopted and presented by Dr. Randall Davidson immediately on his appointment to the Bishopric of Rochester.

The Memorial set out the facts which led the Sunday Society to ask for the opening of museums, art galleries, libraries, and gardens on Sundays, and concluded as follows:—"If the facts herein set forth are not sufficient to induce your lordships to support measures for adding to Hampton Court Palace, Kew Gardens, etc., now open on Sundays, the national institutions of a like character in the metropolis, your petitioners respectfully ask that steps may be taken by your lordships to ascertain the opinion of the clergy on the question in the places in this country where such institutions are opened on Sundays by national or municipal authorities."

On May 13, 1892, Convocation appointed a committee with Dr. Davidson as chairman, and after a wide inquiry the committee submitted an exhaustive report, concluding as follows:—

"Your committee desires the adoption of every possible safeguard against unfairness or misuse in the case of the libraries, museums, or art galleries now open on Sundays under the sanction of the law as it stands. Subject to these conditions, your committee is of opinion that the cause of the religion of Christ has nothing to fear from the reasonable and careful extension of the principle of Sunday opening described in the report, which it now respectively submits to the consideration of the Convocation of the province."

This put the Church of England on the side of a reasonable observance of Sunday, and was one great factor in the ultimate success of the movement for the opening of museums and galleries on Sundays, now, happily, accepted as a matter of course. I am, yours faithfully,

MARK H. JUDGE,
Honorary Secretary.

The Sunday Society, 7, Pall Mall, London,
October 12, 1912.

ART AND LIFE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It will be conceded that a work of art is, in the highest sense of the term, a work of art only when it is "lived"—that is, when the artist has produced it as a result of his own experience. A truly great poem, therefore, is a "lived" poem; any other is a mere conceit.

When Mr. Masfield wrote "Dauber," do you think he imagined it within the four walls of his study? I do not believe it. He wrote for the "land-lubbers" what he saw and "lived," in the same way as the poet of the "Seafarer" before him.

This brings me to the question: Is it within the province of a man to write of human passion, love, etc., without his having "sensed" human passion, love, etc.? "The height to which a man may rise can only be measured by the depths to which he can fall. . . . Some men of genius have been foul rogues," says Mr. Haldane Macfall (*ACADEMY*, October 12, 1912, "Art and Life," page 490). I agree with him, and flout, as he does, Ruskin's theory that no great artist can be a bad man at heart. Some of the greatest geniuses have led most immoral lives, have gone through the whole gamut of vice. Again, some of the greatest men of genius have led most moral lives, have not followed "false fires of passion." Is the literary world the gainer by the one class or by the other?

An article from an unbiased pen will perhaps oblige others of your constant readers—and certainly yours faithfully,

H. LONSDALE.

Maidenhead, October 21, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Ecrits de Musiciens (XVe—XVIIIe Siècles)*. By J. G. Prod'homme. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)
- What the Judge Saw, Being Twenty-Five Years in Manchester by One who has done it*. By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- William Hone: His Life and Times*. By Frederick Wm. Hackwood. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)
- Letters of George Meredith*. Collected and Edited by his Son. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 21s. net.)
- History of the Philharmonic Society of London, 1813-1912: A Record of a Hundred Years' Work in the Cause of Music*. Compiled by Myles Birket Foster, F.R.A.M. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Hail and Farewell!" *Salve*. By George Moore. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
- Correspondence of Lord Burghersh, 1808-1840*. Edited by His Granddaughter, Rachel Weigall. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)
- English Epic and Heroic Poetry*. By W. Macneile Dixon, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)
- Shakespeare's Patrons, and Other Essays*. By the late Henry Brown. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Beginnings of Modern Ireland*. By Philip Wilson. (Maunsell and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)
- In Jesuit Land: The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay*. By W. H. Koebel. With an Introduction by R. B. Cunningham-Graham. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)
- Our Book of Memories; Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed*. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)
- Histoire de l'Antiquité. Vol. I. Introduction à l'Etude des Sociétés Anciennes. (Evolution des Groupements Humains.)* By Eduard Meyer. Translated from the German into French by Maxime David. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 7 fr. 50 c.)
- Germany*. Painted by E. T. Compton and E. H. Compton, Described by the Rev. J. F. Dickie. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)
- Moscow*. Painted by F. de Haenen, Described by H. M. Grove. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)



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FICTION.

- Her Marriage Lines.* By Marie Connor Leighton. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
- Two Kings, and Other Romances.* By Cosmo Hamilton. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. net.)
- Wild Justice.* By Francis Clare. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
- The Weaving of the Shuttle.* By C. Holmes Cautley. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess.* By Lily Schofield. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- The Streets of Ascalon: Episodes in the Unfinished Career of Richard Quarren, Esq.* By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Vox Humana.* By Naomi Nunes Carvalho. (Kegan Paul and Co. 1s. net.)
- Solon of Athens: The Poet, the Merchant, and the Statesman.* By G. F. Lehmann-Haupt, LL.D., Ph.D. (The University Press, Liverpool. 1s.)
- For Love of Beasts.* By John Galsworthy. (Animals' Friend Society. 2d. post free.)
- Writing the Short Story: A Practical Handbook on the Rise, Structure, Writing, and Sale of the Modern Short Story.* By J. Berg Esenwein, A.M., Lit.D. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)
- A Miscellany of Men.* By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen and Co. 5s.)
- Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages.* By Wolff Pascheles and Others. Selected and translated by Claud Field. Illustrated by May Mulliner. (Robert Scott. 2s. 6d.)
- Curtain Raisers.* By Eden Phillpotts. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Peter's Chance.* A Play in Three Acts by Edith Lytton. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

- Allegories of the Land.* By Major Gambier-Parry. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- The Sheep and Its Cousins.* By R. Lydekker, F.R.S. Illustrated. (G. Allen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Divorce Problems of To-day.* By E. S. P. Haynes. (W. Hefner and Sons, Cambridge. 2s. net.)
- The "Daily Mail" War Map of the Balkan Peninsula.* (G. Philip and Son. 1s. net.)
- Dog-Stealing.* By Charles R. Johns. (Animals' Friend Society. 4d. post free.)
- Myths and Legends of Japan.* By F. Hadland Davis. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. (G. G. Harrap and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde": An Essay on the Wagnerian Drama.* By George Ainslie Height. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)
- John Jonathan and Company.* By James Milne. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)
- Woman and To-Morrow.* By W. L. George. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Midsummer Night's Dream, with Glossary.* Edited by Howard de Walden and Acton Bond. (George Routledge and Sons. 6d. net.)
- Picturesque Nepal.* By Percy Brown. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Monthly; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; Cambridge University Reporter; L'Action Nationale; Mercure de France; Dublin Review; Quarterly Review; Bookseller; The Periodical; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Mind; The Dawn, Calcutta; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Amateur Photographer; Canadian News; Publishers' Circular; Eugenics Review; La Revue; The Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly.

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